The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 199

THE "BOOKMAN" GALLERY—
Mrs. De la Pasture 204

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 206

THE READER—
Thomas De Quincey. By William E. A. Axon 207
The Choice of Books: Samuel Pepys. By J. H. Lobban..... 213
"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 214
Frederic W. Maitland. By Thomas Seccombe 216

NEW BOOKS—
Lord Acton's Lectures. By C. Grant Robertson 221
A Scholar's Musings. By William Barry 222
Lafcadio Hearn. By Charles Squire 223
Studies in Seven Arts. By Walter de la Mare 224
The Worst Gentleman of Europe 225
The Fruits of Silence. By R. C. Lehmann 226
Literary Letters. By Lewis Melville 226
The Songs of Sidi Hammo. By Edward Thomas..... 227
The Book of the Christian Soul. By T. A. Lacey 228
Materials for Bad Dreams. By J. D. Symon 229
The Romany Rye. By Arthur Ransome 229
A Memorable Decade. By Thomas Lloyd 230
The Man Columbus. By E. E. Speight 231

NOVEL NOTES—
A Boy's Marriage—The County Road—Abbots Verney—The Empty House—A Minister of Fate—New Chronicles of Don Q.—Fools Rush in—Honour's Glassy Bubble 231-233

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
A Lodge in the Wilderness—Popular Ballads of the Olden Time—Longman's Advanced History of England 233-234

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 234

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 234

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We have pleasure in announcing that The Bookman for March will contain an illustrated article on "Edinburgh in Literature," by Mr. J. H. Millar, author of "A Literary History of Scotland," etc.

The grave loss sustained by all interested in historical research in the death of F. W. Maitland was expressed in a becoming manner at a meeting of the Royal Historical Society at Gray's Inn on the 17th January, among the speakers being Sir Fred. Pollock, Dr. A. W. Ward, Mr. G. I. Turner, and the Rev. W. Hunt. We are glad in The Bookman to print a short personal tribute to an historian to whom England owes so much.

We spoke two months since of the death of Alexandre Beljame, for many years the first promoter of English studies in France. The vacancy which his death created at the Sorbonne has been filled up by the appointment of Emile Legouis, well known to English readers by his book on Wordsworth. It is an open secret that the post was offered in the first instance to Auguste Angellier.

Angellier's book on Burns is generally conceded to be the most striking and original contribution to English criticism that has ever come over the Channel. The author, who prefers to the shackles of Paris the comparative freedom of his chair at Lille, has a seaside house packed with curios at Boulogne, where he often met the late Professor York Powell. From Boulogne also comes M. Léon Morel, the new chargé de cours at the Sorbonne in succession to Legouis.

The new Empire History of Britain, which will, when completed, form an integral history of Britain in relation to its various dependencies, in one large volume, has been successfully mapped out by the editor-in-chief, Professor A. F. Pollard. Among the contributors are Sir Fred. Pollock, F. W. Pennefather, R. W. Frazer, A. J. Herbertson, W. L. Grant, Assistant Professor of Colonial History at Oxford, Thomas Seccombe, and H. W. Wilson.

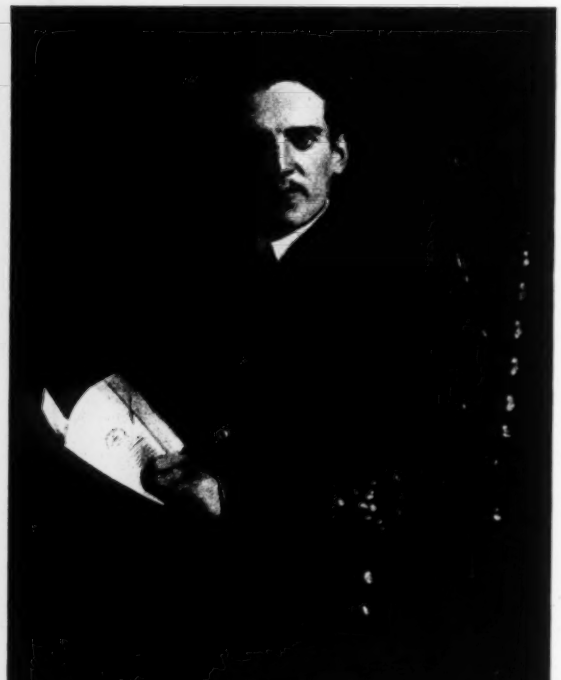
Professor Pollard's new book on "Factors in Modern History" contains the substance of two very popular and well-attended courses given in 1905-6 to the history teachers of London. Stimulating views on the evolution of nationality, crown, parliament, church, and empire during Tudor and Stuart days ought to give this writer an enlarged popularity as an historical essayist.

Another strenuous advocate of the nationalisation of the church in the sixteenth century is to be found in Mr. G. C. Colton, a competent medievalist, whose Catholic assailants have as yet found very few weak places in his controversial armour. It is good for those who prize minute scholarship to hear that he is at work on a book upon "Chaucer and His Times."

Another work which promises, it may be surmised,

a nice affinity between subject, reputation, and acquired talent is a monograph on "Piccadilly," from the pen of Mr. G. S. Street.

Speaking of streets and their connotations, what a violent transformation from one end of the associational spectrum, as it were, to the other, is that by which the address of an eminent publishing house is changed from 16, James Street to 10, Orange Street! After surviving the great fire at Whitehall (better it was said than the real king stood fire at the Boyne) the counterfeit image of the Second James was removed in our own time from its proper site in Whitehall, and lost in the vicinity of the Admiralty. Worse was to follow. The James Street that flattered him whenever he went to play at tennis was destined in



From a photo kindly supplied by Mr. William Heinemann. **Upton Sinclair.**
Author of "The Jungle" and "King Midas."

1907 to be invaded and conquered by a vulgar *ruelle* of the name of *Orange*.

Some curious results in distribution and clearance of book remainders have been effected by the advertising operations of a "Book Club" during the past half year. Basements from which the light of day had been excluded by half a century of heavy remainders, in bales of mountainous cubic proportions, have now been flooded with sunlight. Since the death of Vanbrugh, the architect, it is doubted whether the London earth has ever felt such a sensible relief.

It may have seemed to some a matter for surprise that neither Mr. Kipling's new book, nor the official Life, nor the masterly sketch of Lord Randolph Churchill by Lord Rosebery, should have appeared among the literature elect of 1906, as represented in THE BOOKMAN Symposium. To many readers, probably, as to a careful writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* of January, "Puck of Pook's Hill" will seem to re-establish its writer's reputation substantially at the point at which it was left in his last *chef d'œuvre*, the inimitable "Kim"—the anatomist of a country-side, and the Harvey of a nation's historical circulation.

The same magazine contains the first instalment of a new novel, called "The Helpmate," by Miss May Sinclair, whose "Divine Fire" has won her such an enviable reputation on the other side of the Atlantic.

If success among books of the year, otherwise than fiction, may be estimated by editions, a high place must be assigned to Mr. Walter Sichel's "Emma, Lady Hamilton." A sixth, "library" edition has appeared, comparison of which with the first shows that the book has gone through a most drastic process of revision. Outside the category of school-books and manuals the manœuvre is rare enough to merit a passing comment.

The literary topography of Great Britain has had ample exposition in recent years. In France, outside of Paris, the exact reverse has been the case. It is satisfactory, therefore, to learn that Miss Betham-Edwards has devoted a volume, which will shortly be published, to the literary associations of the French provinces. Among the famous writers whose "habitats" will be explored may be mentioned Flaubert, Rouget de Lisle, Michelet, Gresset, Balzac, George Sand, Brantome, Mérimée, Souvestre, and a number of authors of less note. But few places of literary pilgrimage in France exceed in popularity "Les Charmettes," an excellent drawing of which we reproduced last month.

In connection with the interest excited by the death of the late Baroness Burdett Coutts, some very vivid portraiture of the fairy godmother, Harriot Mellon, the poor Irish girl's brilliant career, her capture and subsequent cult of Tom Coutts, the marked attraction exercised over her by "Angela," and a number of other curious particulars will be found in Mr. Fyvie's amusing book on "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era." There is a capital portrait of Harriot, and her life is in some respects the most romantic of the twelve that once reigned.

A new quarterly, *The Tudor Rose*, is to make its appearance early in the spring, under the editorship of Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt. It will be printed entirely by hand at the Cedar Press, and published by Mr. T. N. Foulis. The contents are to be of the belles lettres order, and the magazine will be illustrated, ornaments, initials, etc., having been especially drawn for it by Mr. Dudley Heath. Contributions from several well-known authors and artists have been already secured for the first number. Two editions will be published,

one in paper covers at half a crown, and one in vellum at five shillings.

The jaded modern, who believes that there can be nothing unsophisticated in this twentieth century, needs an occasional reminder that the world is really still quite young. No better such reminder could be had than the performances of folk songs and morris dances given during the last few months at the Queen's Hall. This rendering by London girls of old tunes collected in the West Country, and taught to the performers by Mr. Cecil Sharp and Mr. H. C. MacIlwaine, is no copy of the antique. It is a revival in the true sense of the word. The impulse to sing is older than art; and artificial poetry is, after all, ultimately but the imitation of this primitive spirit of song. One might theorise at any length on the lyric instinct, but to attend one of these performances is of greater profit. For it is to rediscover the morning of the world with the dew yet glistening, and to get beyond all theories. We are glad to understand that a volume of these songs and dances is shortly to be published.

Pierrot, Frenchman as he is by birth, has been the motive of some delicately wrought literature this side of the Channel. Of all Ernest Dowson's scanty writings, "The Pierrot of the Minute," with its Beardsley decorations, is the most distinctive. It has that vague charm of the unsatisfying which, according to Oscar Wilde, is the merit of the cigarette. Mr. Lane has just published "Prunella, or Love in a Dutch Garden," the beautiful little play by Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. Granville Barker, which was so daintily staged at the Court Theatre two years ago. There is in this none of the *décadence* of Dowson's work. One goes to Watteau for a simile; but "Prunella," with all its fancy, has a freshness, which is as though it had rounded the circle of art and come back to a sort of selected nature.

Henry Fielding was born near Glastonbury, on April 22nd, 1707, and the Society of "Somerset Men in London" will celebrate the bi-centenary by a public dinner in London, on April 22nd, this year. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will preside, and all particulars can be had from Mr. J. Harris Stone, 4, Temple, E.C., the chairman of the Committee.

Messrs. Alston Rivers have in preparation a new volume by Miss Marjorie Bowen, entitled "The Leopard and the Lily."

"Running Water," the forthcoming novel by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, is a strong novel of adventure and intrigue as well as of character development. Its action begins in the Alps, shifts to England, and then back to the Alps, and everywhere Mr. Mason is on familiar ground, even to the mountain climbing, which is one of the delights of his leisure days.

Photo Elliott and Fry. **Hugh de Sélincourt.**

Author of "A Boy's Marriage," which is reviewed on page 231.

The concluding volume of Antonio Fogazzaro's great trilogy of fiction, which includes "The Saint" and "The Patriot," will be published early this spring under the title of "A Man of the World."

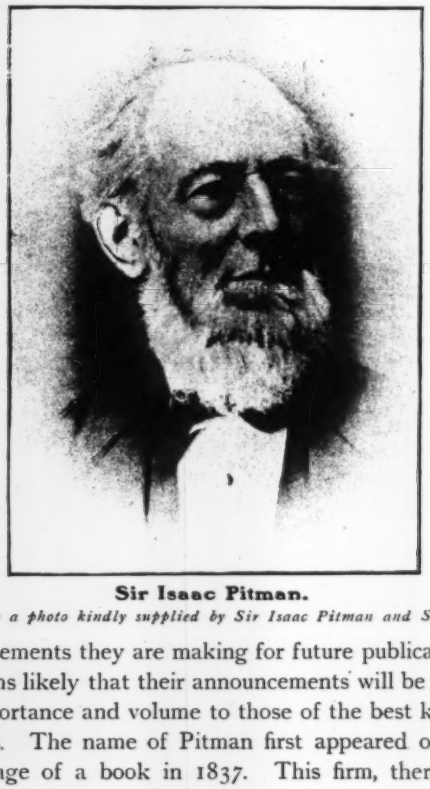
A new serial publication of great interest to all nature lovers is announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. "The Book of the Open Air," as the work

Photo Elliott and Fry. **Arthur Symons.**

Whose new book is reviewed on page 224.

is called, will be issued in twelve monthly parts, handsomely illustrated in colour, and will comprise articles dealing with every side of British natural history. The list of contributors includes the names of many well-known experts, and the work is under the general editorship of Mr. Edward Thomas, author of "The Heart of England."

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., who have recently embarked upon general publishing, have a long list of new books and new editions in readiness for the spring. It is their intention this year to pay particular attention to this branch of their business, and by the



Sir Isaac Pitman.

From a photo kindly supplied by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons.

arrangements they are making for future publications, it seems likely that their announcements will be equal in importance and volume to those of the best known houses. The name of Pitman first appeared on the title-page of a book in 1837. This firm, therefore, is one of the very oldest publishing houses in London.

A new humorous American writer of first-rate rank has arisen, in the person of Mr. E. P. Butler, whose clever short story, "Pigs is Pigs," had a remarkable vogue when published in book form. A new volume by the same writer will be published in this country early in the spring, entitled "Mr. Perkins of Portland."

In that quaint Elizabethan manual, "Peacham's Compleat Gentleman," which Mr. Frowde is just republishing, the author inquires, "How it falleth out that Poets now adaies are of no such esteem as they have been in former times?" We have not yet done asking the same question, and have acquired a pleasant habit of looking back on the Elizabethan era as a golden age, when poets and poetry were more adequately appreciated; yet even the good Peacham himself, in recalling the names and merits of eminent English bards, says nothing of Shakespeare, who had then been dead about twenty years.

On the whole, when you investigate, you come to the conclusion that it is nothing more than a happy delusion to suppose that poetry was ever more generally appreciated than it is at present. We doubt, indeed, if it would have been possible in Elizabeth's time, or any other, to form a Society of enthusiasts solely for the publication of the works of any contemporary poet. Yet that is what Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney, seems to have found no difficulty in doing nowadays. To the general public Mr. John Payne is probably best known as the author of a masterly translation of "The Arabian Nights," that won the admiration of Sir Richard Burton; and as the author of two or three notable sonnets that were included in Mr. William Sharp's anthology, "Sonnets of this Century." Since 1870, however, apart from his many prose translations, he has published some eight or nine volumes of original verse, which have drawn golden opinions from the critics, one of his ballads, "The Rime of Redemption," receiving the crowning honour of Mr. Swinburne's praise. To reissue and popularise the contents of these volumes and selections from the translations, the John Payne Society has been formed, with Mr. Thomas Wright as its honorary secretary; it holds at least one meeting annually, and the members pay a modest subscription of five shillings every two years, which entitles them to copies of each of Mr. Payne's books as they are issued. The first two volumes, slim and neatly bound, are now ready, and one hopes to see the Society go on and succeed in its purpose, if it is only to prove that, as we are beginning to suspect, we are as a nation as much lovers of poetry now as they were in the more picturesque days of Elizabeth.

Readers of Mr. J. S. Clouston's last diverting novel will remember the intrepidity with which Count Bunker displayed his acquaintance with Scottish dialect and customs. We are reminded of him by the recent endeavour of a French journalist to describe the familiar scene that takes place in front of St. Paul's at midnight on December 31. This gentleman, writing in "La Petite Republique," with unintentional discourtesy describes the national musical instrument as "les bugs pipes." This is nearly as bad as the statement of the London policeman, who referred to the pipes slightingly as a "'orrible machine." The French writer reserves his best for the conclusion, where he tells how the crowd "avec un enthousiasme admirable entonna le célèbre Auld Land Sang."

Owing to various conflicting rumours that have made their appearance in more than one quarter, the author of "The Sentimentalists" wishes to make it absolutely clear that there is no such person in existence as "Christopher Dell." Except for a few mannerisms, taken by permission partly from one person

and partly from another, and one conversation, unconnected with "Christopher Dell," taken from a report in a newspaper, there is not the smallest shadow of truth, so far as the author is aware, in any of the incidents, conversations, or implications related in the book. He asks all those who have had any doubts on the matter to accept his emphatic assurances on this point. The book is pure and simple fiction; it is not even paralleled by fact.

We have not yet reached the limit at which it would be no longer possible to add to the charm and the interest of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" by exhibiting it in a new setting. There is, or was until now, an opening for a greatly enlarged use of pictorial aids, the time in which Johnson talked and Boswell recorded being now so remote that such aids, if not absolutely necessary, are certainly most valuable and interesting. Mr. Roger Ingpen is the editor of a new reprint, shortly to be issued by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, and the claim is made by editor and publishers on its behalf that no edition of the work has hitherto appeared equalling this in the wealth of its illustrations. There are, in fact, some four hundred of these, with the addition of twelve photogravure plates, reproducing the likenesses of all the men and women famous in the literature, and most of the celebrities in the arts, drama, and social life, of the period. Care has been taken by the editor, whose knowledge of the Johnsonian age is beyond question, to collect authentic pictures, and to make his illustrations as complete and as diversified as possible by the inclusion of autographs, title-pages, and views of places. The book will be issued in twelve monthly parts at the price of 1s. each.

Messrs. Methuen will issue shortly "The Joy of the Road," by Mr. Filson Young. The book is an expansion of the last chapter of his well-known work, "The Complete Motorist." To many pedestrians the title of the forthcoming volume is likely to seem a bold stroke of irony.

The forthcoming Memoir of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by George Paston (Miss E. M. Symonds), is based upon her published and unpublished correspondence, but the chief events of her life are illustrated by references in contemporary works, such as the letters and satires of Pope, the gossip of Horace Walpole, and the anecdotes of Spence. Lady Mary's literary productions, her friendships, her enmities, her travels and her studies are all discussed in their turn, while her pen-and-ink sketches of her many distinguished acquaintances are supplemented by thirty or forty reproductions from portraits of the period. An important feature of the book is the number of hitherto unpublished letters. These are printed from the Wortley Montagu MSS. at Sandon Hall, by permission of the Earl of Harrowby, and will add greatly to the importance and attractiveness of the book.

It is good news for bookmen that a cheap one-volume edition of Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Life of Charles Lamb" will be issued this spring. The text has been carefully revised, and the most interesting of the original illustrations will be retained.

Messrs. Methuen are issuing shortly the first volume of "The Memoirs of Dumas," which have not before been translated into English. The work, which will be illustrated with portraits, will be completed in six volumes.

The history of Dublin is, to a great extent, the history of English rule in Ireland, and it is a matter of surprise that no comprehensive work on the subject is available. The gap promises to be filled by Mr. S. A. O. FitzPatrick's "Dublin." This volume will embrace all the leading events of antiquarian and historical interest, from the settlement of the Scandinavian Kingdom in 853 to the dawn of the twentieth century. It will be fully illustrated, and should prove of special interest in view of the Dublin Exhibition of 1907.

"Odd Lengths" is the title of a new volume of short stories by Mr. W. B. Maxwell, the author of "The Guarded Flame."

"To know it is a liberal education" may be said of Mr. W. Gurney Benham's new and voluminous "Book of Quotations," which Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just published. For it contains more than thirty-two thousand flowers of wisdom gathered from all languages and periods, and it leads us to them by means of an Index the like of which has not been seen before in any work of this nature. Those of us who have been known to hurry over our writing and use signs and symbols for "the" and "to" will envy Mr. Benham his fifteen years of browsing, as well as appreciate the excellent results.

For the illustrations of our special article on De Quincey in this number of THE BOOKMAN, we have to acknowledge the courteous assistance afforded us by Miss Baird Smith, the granddaughter of De Quincey; Mr. W. E. A. Axon, the author of the article; and Messrs. A. and C. Black, the publishers of the copyright edition of De Quincey's works.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MRS. DE LA PASTURE.

MRS. DE LA PASTURE is not one of those too-lucky novelists who soar to sudden eminence on a first or second book, and then make each fresh book they write a rung in the ladder by which they proceed to come steadily down again. Nor has she any reason to entertain such doubts as disquieted Du Maurier when the instant, roaring popularity of "Trilby" made him wonder whether his work had, after all, any real literary value, "because," as he said wryly, "Thackeray never had a boom!" For Mrs. de la Pasture's success has not been merely a happy hit; she has had to work and to wait for it; it has not come to her by chance; she has fully earned it, and is only now beginning to receive her due when it is overdue.

Born in Naples, where her grandfather was British Consul, Mrs. de la Pasture is the daughter of Mr. Edward Bonham, sometime British Consul at Calais. In her early youth she began to write verses, plays, and short stories, and was soon contributing stories and poems to the magazines; her first books, "The Little Squire" and "The Toy Tragedy," were stories for children, which she published at her own expense. At twenty-one she married Mr. Henry Philip Ducarel de la Pasture, a younger son of the Marquis de la Pasture, who escaped into exile during the Revolution, was educated at Eton, and served in the Hussars.

Six years after her marriage, Mrs. de la Pasture wrote "Deborah of Tod's," the novel with which she was to score her first popular triumph, though she can scarcely have anticipated this from its reception at the outset. The MS. was sent to a firm of publishers, who rejected it in terms so disheartening to the author that she put it away for a while and made no further attempt to dispose of it until somebody happened to tell her of the existence of the literary agent, more especially of the existence of one of them, Mr. A. M. Burghes. To him, thereupon, the MS. was duly confided, and within a few days came a telegram saying the book had been accepted by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. Mr. James Payn was their reader at that time, and it is among Mrs. de la Pasture's regrets that she never became personally acquainted with that kindly and discerning critic; the warm and heartening appreciation he expressed of the book and of its author's capacity has been amply justified, for "Deborah of Tod's" was not only well received by the reviewers, but has gone into many editions, the latest of which came out only last year.

Probably from having spent much time in writing plays and burlesques for amateur actors, Mrs. de la Pasture has acquired a habit of sketching the first drafts of her novels in the form of plays; and one sees something of the result of this in the crispness and forcefulness of her dialogue, in the sheer directness and intensity of her dramatic situations. "I work very hard on my novels," she confesses, "and when I am at home in the country write sometimes seven hours a day for weeks together—writing and rewriting a story two or three times from beginning to end before having the MS. typed." Her average output is one novel in two years, and she has always very wisely refused to mortgage her future and fetter herself with contracts to write anything by a specified date. Vividly human and lifelike as her characters are, she never draws directly from the living model. Her best work has the scenery and atmosphere of Devonshire in most of its pages; she is too true an artist to dream of fagging round the world in pursuit of "local colour," finding all the material she needs ready to her hand in the life immediately about her, and describing no class of human beings, no place, and no circumstances that have not come within the range of her own observation and experience.

Looking back on Mrs. de la Pasture's novels, the figures that we instantly and easily recall are those of the four children in "The Toy Tragedy"; of the three children, two especially, in "The Little Squire"; of the simple, noble Deborah of Tod's, and the shrivelled, dyed, worldly-wise, moderately chivalrous old general, Sir Arthur d'Alton, whom she idealised and married; of the two girls in "The Man from America," and their emotional, child-hearted, lovable old grandfather, the Vicomte de Nauroy, who had been Patrick O'Reilly before Louis Philippe ennobled him; of the girlish, wistful, exquisitely womanly Lady Mary Crewys, who was Peter's mother, and her sternly just, unconsciously tyrannical husband, Sir Timothy.

The interest of a novel by Mrs. de la Pasture does not lie in any elaborate or complicated plot; the story is always just some such story as one may find unfolding itself in normal human lives, and its very naturalness, its air of unemphasised, irresistible truth takes hold upon you; no tax is levied on your credulity by it; you have no difficulty in believing that it might all have occurred in reality, and the men and women who play their parts in it are as unexaggerated and as vividly realised.

What delights one most in "The Man from America" is not that millionaire American himself, though his strong, calm, sagacious personality is admirably drawn, but the old Vicomte and his granddaughters. One hardly knows which is the more masterly portrait, that of the pretty, winsome, impetuous Kitty, or that of her staid, little-motherly, straitly conscientious elder sister, Rosaleen. There is a subtle mingling of humour and pathos in the narrative of how the Vicomte yields to Kitty's importunities and takes the two girls on a first visit to London, where their love and pride of him are continually at war with their shame of his corpulent figure and the amiable eccentricities that strangers are apt to eye with covert amusement or ridicule; but it is these very quaintnesses and peculiarities that give an ineffably pathetic edge to his sadness when he realises that his "little ones" are children no

longer, and, seeing them happy at Lady Domaford's ball, leaves them to make the most of the evening and goes lonely back to his hotel.

"He wept a little as he drove home in his solitary cab, at the thought of his children's happiness. He was growing very old, and felt as though his beloved little ones were somehow slipping from his grasp. Their childhood had faded into the past, together with his own youth—and the friends, and the feasting, and the fighting of his youth. The angelic babes he had cherished were gone for ever, and in their place stood two mortal maidens, holding out their white arms to life, with their fair faces turned away from him, and their bright eyes gazing gladly into the future. To-night he had felt himself like a ghost, looking on at a strange world which had succeeded to his own dead world, and with which he had nothing at all in common. 'It is time,' thought the Vicomte dismally, 'that I went back to my hermitage at Honeycott, where these sad thoughts did not afflict me, and where I could occupy myself with my garden and the making of my soul.' But he knew in his heart that Rosaleen and Kitty would never be contented with Honeycott any more."

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.

Mrs. de la Pasture's plots are invariably of less importance than her people; and this is as it should be. "Deborah of Tod's," for instance, is but the story of how Deborah marries her elderly General, and is transplanted from the wholesome, honest life on her country farm into the midst of all the petty frivolities and insincerities of a London "smart set," yet remains herself, pure and unspoiled, and greatly uninfluenced by it all; her rural plainness of speech and manner, her big-heartedness, her freedom from pretence and affectation, make the fashionable, conventionally cultured elegancies that surround her seem curiously cheap and less than childish by contrast; even when she witnesses her elderly husband's philanderings, and comes to realise that he did not marry her for love but for her money, the disillusion cannot shake her loyalty to him, and takes nothing from her inborn dignity and high womanliness.

The heroine of "Peter's Mother" is a wholly different type of womanhood, softer, less self-reliant, more sensitive. Meekly submissive to the small and pompous tyrannies of her husband, she is ready to sacrifice her new-found hope of happiness and submit to the smaller and equally pompous tyrannies of her selfish young cub of a son, when he returns home after his father's death, remorseful for his past neglect of her, and proposing now to allow her to devote herself to him, as she had wanted to when he was a child, and to let everything go on still as it had gone in his father's lifetime. A lesser personality than Deborah, Lady Mary is more of an ordinary woman, a very fascinating, essentially feminine creature, fashioned of common strengths and weaknesses with a quick, unobtrusive sympathy and sure insight.

There is never any straining after effects. Mrs. de la Pasture has a certain large quietness and refrained force of style that lightens into comedy on occasion, or glooms into tragedy, always suggesting more than it tells, and always stopping finely short of farce on the one hand and melodrama on the other.

"Peter's Mother" has so far been Mrs. de la Pasture's greatest success. It has been the means of introducing her to the vast public of America, and is still selling as freely there as it was a year ago; whilst here it has already gone into some ten editions, and, as everybody knows, her dramatic version of it has run for a hundred and fifty nights at Wyndham's and the Apollo. But each of her novels has, one way or another, represented an advance on its predecessor, and one looks confidently to finding that "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square," which has been appearing serially in the *Monthly Review*, and is to be published shortly by Mr. Murray, maintains this notable record, so that her newest book will again be her best.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

February 1 to March 1.

Mr. Alston Rivers.

COBB, THOMAS.—The Amateur Emigrants. 6s.
GRAHAM, WINIFRED.—World without End. 6s.
ELLIS, Mrs. HAVELOCK.—Kit's Woman. 3s. 6d.
MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.—Exton Manor. 6s.
HUEFFER, FORD MADOX.—Privy Seal. 6s.
Anon. (Author of A Pixy in Petticoats).—Armi'nel of the West. 6s.
MORLEY, GEORGE.—A Bunch of Blue Ribbons. 6s.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

BURNE, MAJ.-GEN. SIR OWEN T.—Memories. 15s. net
PEARSON, NORMAN.—Some Problems of Existence. 7s. 6d. net
MACCUNN, JOHN.—Six Radical Thinkers. 6s.
ELIOT, SIR CHARLES.—Letters from the Far East. 8s. 6d. net
BULPETT, C. W. L.—A Picnic Party in Wildest Africa. 12s. 6d. net
BRODE, DR. HEINRICH.—Tippoo Tib. 10s. 6d. net
RODD, Sir RENNELL.—The Princes of Achaia and the Chronicles of Morea. 2 vols. 24s. net.
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THE READER.

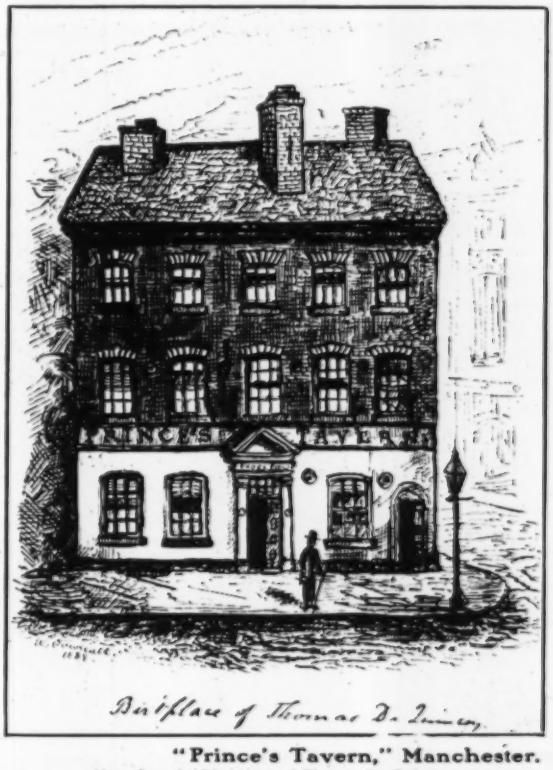
THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

By William E. A. Axon.

"THE wind bloweth where it listeth," and the coming of genius is equally inexplicable. Else how should we explain the advent of so wayward a spirit as that of Thomas De Quincey in the midst of a prosperous, well-ordered, methodical, evangelical family in Manchester at the time when the cotton city was awaking to mighty deeds of commerce, manufacture, and money-making? He was born at Manchester August 15, 1785—the year in which the spinning-jenny became wholly the property of the public. Never was one so completely out of touch with his environment as this fifth son of Thomas Quincey and his wife, Elizabeth Penson.

De Quincey laid some stress upon the fact that his father was a merchant, that is, "was a man engaged in foreign commerce, and no other." This is quite true, but the opium-eater probably did not know that Thomas Quincey was, at an earlier date, a successful shopkeeper in Market Street, Manchester, where, in conjunction with his brother John he carried on the business of a linendraper, and was an extensive importer of Drogheda linens, East India muslins, and other textiles. Thomas Quincey was one of those who early understood the value of advertising, and there is even a certain flavour of style in the "literary addresses" inserted by the firm in the advertising columns of the *Manchester Mercury* between 1776 and 1783, when the retail business was given up. Nor was this the first effort of De Quincey's father to win the favour of the public. He sent to the *Gentleman's Magazine* an account of a tour in the Midlands, and was so much annoyed by the editorial alterations that he issued it in book-form, but without his name. Doubt was cast upon De Quincey's explicit statement about his father's book, but it was identified by the present writer, and in this, as in other matters in which De Quincey was thought to have been romancing, his exact accuracy has been amply demonstrated. The book, though not without interest, cannot be regarded as important, but in the preface the author speaks with indignant vigour in denouncing the ill-treatment of what he had written at the hands of the editor. It is, in fact, a noteworthy contribution to that perennial subject of literary controversy, the ethics of editorial manipulation. At the sight of Brindley's canal, Thomas Quincey breaks into heroic verse.

It is a coincidence that of the father and the son only one effort of each in rhyme remains. Two years after Thomas Quincey became a wholesale merchant, trading to the West Indies, and also to Portugal and America, his son Thomas was born—exactly where is not known, though it was certainly in the town of Manchester. Many years before the death of De Quincey, the "Prince's Tavern" was named as his birthplace, and he was baptised at St. Ann's Church, which is only a very short distance away. But at one time the family had a town house in Fountain Street, and a country house, "The Farm," at Moss-side, and in 1791 his father built a mansion, to which Mrs. Quincey gave the name of Greenhay. There was also the shop in Market Street. Thus it was that though town born, De Quincey's childhood was passed in what was then a "rural solitude," though it has long been swallowed up by the roaring city. Here he watched the blooming of the crocuses; here, too, he had visions and journeyed through the valley of the shadow of death. The passing away of his favourite sister, Elizabeth, with all her promise of intellectual power and of spiritual beauty, brought him face to face, whilst a child, with the mysteries of life and death, and the hopes of immortality—hopes that in his long and chequered career he seems never to have lost. When the boy was only seven years old, his father came home—to die. The prosperous merchant was smitten by the scourge of England, pulmonary consumption, and, dying at forty, left his family in possession of an estate yielding a clear £1,600 yearly. The four boys were to have a yearly allowance of £150 each; the two daughters of £100, and the remainder was at the disposal of the widow. She was a woman of intellectual power, but under the influence of a rigid Calvinism, of the Clapham type, was, it may be feared, hard and unsympathetic. She was, according to her lights, just and even generous, but her generosity was devoid of grace and kindliness. The child's reading was varied, and



"Prince's Tavern," Manchester.
Named as the Birthplace of Thomas De Quincey.
From an original pen and ink drawing in the possession of Miss Baird Smith.

Greenhay, Manchester.
Where De Quincey spent his early days.
(Reproduced from "De Quincey's Works," by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

ranged from the Bible to the "Arabian Nights." It is a curious circumstance that De Quincey's detailed reference to the story of Aladdin as one that impressed his boyish mind, relates a very striking and remarkable incident which is not to be found in the "Arabian Nights" at all. Either the children had read this incident *into* the book, or it is to be found in some collection of Oriental tales not yet identified. On the death of Thomas Quincey, another son, William, who was five years older than Thomas de Quincey, came to live at Greenhay with the widowed mother. The two boys had to walk daily to the house of the Rev. Samuel Hall, one of their guardians, for lessons. William was of an entirely different type to the shy, dreamy, bookish Thomas, and their association was a sort of torture and anguish to the younger boy, who was forced into fights with factory lads and into other uncomfortable positions. William was the imaginary king of "Tigrosylvania," and compelled Thomas to be the monarch of an equally imaginary realm of Gombroon, a kingdom of which the low civilisation—the inhabitants still had tails!—was a constant source of fraternal sarcasm. From Mr. Hall, De Quincey learned Latin and the elements of Greek. He was also expected to make an abstract of Mr. Hall's formless sermons, a painful though possibly a salutary discipline. And amidst the Pharisaical and Tory atmosphere of his home there came gleams of wider and

De Quincey's Cottage at Lasswade.
(Reproduced from "De Quincey's Works," by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

humaner sentiment, as when he read the words in which Phaedrus, a slave who had become a freedman, recalled the fact that Æsop, who lived and died a slave, had "broke his birth's invidious bar." It was the testimony to genius that impressed him—"a colossal statue did the Athenians raise to Æsop, and a poor pariah slave they planted upon an everlasting pedestal." From this time dates De Quincey's sympathy with the pariahs, whether they died beneath the oppression of the world's scorn or succeeded in escaping from its bondage and compelling its homage.

Mrs. Quincey having removed to Bath, Thomas, in his twelfth year, entered the grammar school of that ancient city, where his facility in the making of Latin verse made him a "show" pupil, and where a blow on the head, intended for another boy, led to a serious illness. On his recovery he was sent to a private school at Winkfield, where he was the chief contributor to a school magazine, carried on, presumably in manuscript, by the daughters of the schoolmaster. From this school he was removed in consequence of an invitation to join the young Lord Westport, whose acquaintance he had made at Bath, in a holiday in Mayo, where Westport's father, the Earl of Altamont, had estates. They met at Eton, and casually encountered George III., who, in his kindly fashion, asked if De Quincey were of Huguenot descent. This touched a point on which the boy felt strongly, for after his father's death he had apparently satisfied the family of their Norman pedigree, and they had "resumed" the nobiliary particle "de," which his father never used.* So he told the King that they were as old as the Conquest, and were mentioned in Robert of Gloucester's "Metrical Chronicle." The King may have been alarmed by this portent of a boy of fifteen who was familiar with a mediæval chronicler, but he contented himself with a non-committal "I know, I know," leaving De Quincey quite uncertain as to what it was precisely of which the King claimed cognisance. It is, at all events, certain that Robert of Gloucester was in the Royal library. When the youths went to Ireland, De Quincey was present, as a spectator, at the fateful sitting of the Irish House of Lords when the Act of Union was passed. During his Hibernian rambles he came in contact with a clever Irish girl. For him Miss Blake's conversation was epoch-making. "From this day I was an altered creature, never again relapsing into the careless, irreflective mind of childhood." Further feminine influences of a happy kind followed, for at Laxton he met Lady Carbery, whom he set to the study of Greek, as she—and he agreed with her—was not satisfied that the English version of the Bible was sufficiently accurate for certainty of doctrine. It was now decided that he should return to Manchester as a pupil of the Grammar School, with the expectation that he would be able to win one of its scholarships, and so proceed to Balliol College. The absence of physical exercise, and the monotony of school life, produced a deep depression, from which he was in a measure re-

*Mrs. De Quincey after a time thought that the "de" savoured of worldliness, and returned to her husband's form of the name.

lieved by intercourse with the venerable John Clowes, one of the first English students of Swedenborg, by excursions to Liverpool, where he met William Roscoe, and by a visit from Lady Carbery, to whom he read the "Ancient Mariner," when it was new. Lady Carbery protested that Coleridge's hero was "an old quiz," and suggested that he ought to have been a curate at St. James's Church, whose minister was Dr. Cornelius Bayley, a learned Hebraist. "With an albatross perched on his shoulder, who might be introduced to the congregation as the organ of his conversion, and supported by the droning of a bassoon, she represented the Mariner as lecturing to advantage in English, the Doctor overhead enforcing it in Hebrew." How little the lively lady thought that her gay persiflage would be embedded in an English classic, and serve as a specimen of the contemporary criticism of one of the greatest poems in the language. De Quincey told his mother that at the Manchester Grammar School he was deprived "of health, of society, of amusement, of liberty, of congeniality of pursuits"—a situation "which, to complete the precious picture, admits of no variety." His appeal was in vain, and De Quincey took the unwise resolution of running away from a school where he had gained distinction and where a little more of patient endurance would have given him an advantageous entrance to the University of Oxford. The most brilliant pupil the school ever received within its walls escaped from its bondage in the early hours of a July morning in the year 1802. He was nearly seventeen when he thus threw away his fair prospects. He walked to Chester, where his mother was living, and tried in vain to make her understand the motives of his conduct. He was more successful with his uncle, Col. Penson, and in the end an allowance of a guinea a week was made to him, with permission to ramble about wherever he would. After a time in Wales, he decided on London, and entered into negotiations with some money-lenders. The description of this period of De Quincey's life is like the opening of a window upon a sordid inferno. Then it was that he met with Anne, the unfortunate street girl who took pity on him, and for whom in after years he sought with pathetic and fruitless persistence. From the misery of "the stony-hearted Oxford Street" he was at length rescued by his relations, and offered an allowance of £100, if he cared, on such terms, to go to the University. The Jew money-lender also departed from the obduracy that had caused De Quincey so much misery in London, and lent him the amount he had asked for. During a visit to London, he bought, on the advice of a friend, a phial of the tincture of opium to relieve an attack of neuralgia. Thus he became the English opium-eater, and from that time until his death was rarely without some form of that seductive drug. He himself thought that it helped to ward off consumption—the disease from which his father died—and there is medical evidence that he suffered from gastrodynia, for which opium may perhaps be regarded as a palliative. But these are after suggestions, and the plain fact appears to be that although he first took opium for the relief of pain, he continued for a time to use it for the pleasurable sensations it produced, and for a still longer period because, as is the nature of drugs, it gave rise to a craving which could not be resisted without a greater effort of the will than he was prepared to exert. At one time it is said that his daily dose was 8,000 drops of laudanum—about seven wineglassfuls. De Quincey's written examination for the B.A. degree was brilliant, and Dr. Goodenough told the Worcester College authorities that they had sent up the cleverest man he had ever encountered, and that if he did as well in the vivâ voce he would carry all before him. But with the same perversity that marked the end of his school days, he threw away his chances, did not present himself for examination, and vanished for a time from Oxford. In 1807 he met Coleridge, who, when laudanum was mentioned, uttered a solemn warning against the drug. Through the intermediary of Cottle, De Quincey made the poet a present of £300, on learning that his cheerless despondency was caused by pecuniary troubles. Whether this gift was the result of De Quincey having command of his fortune, or whether, at the instance of the money-lenders, he was turning the prospects of the future into capital for the present, is a mystery. Indeed, all through his life the opium-eater, whilst an accomplished political economist, was hopelessly incapable of managing his own finances satisfactorily. Although often in pecuniary difficulties, and sometimes in danger of arrest for debt, it is quite possible that a business man, if he had been allowed to disentangle his accounts, would have found that he was always solvent. From 1809 to 1816 De Quincey lived a bachelor life at a Grasmere cottage, which had formerly been the home of Wordsworth. The Lake district was then the home of Bishop Watson, of Coleridge, Charles Lloyd, Robert Southey, and "Christopher North," as well as of the Wordsworths. In 1816 De Quincey married Margaret Simpson, a girl of eighteen, "with arms like Aurora's and smiles like Hebe's," who until the day of her death was his faithful companion and the light of his home. He reduced his allowance of opium, but only for a time, and the consumption even occasionally reached the enormous figure of 12,000 drops of laudanum. The opium dreams were now full of mystic horrors, and the practical effect on his life was that an active conscience was entirely

42, Lothian Street.

De Quincey's last lodging in Edinburgh.

(Reproduced from "De Quincey's Works," by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

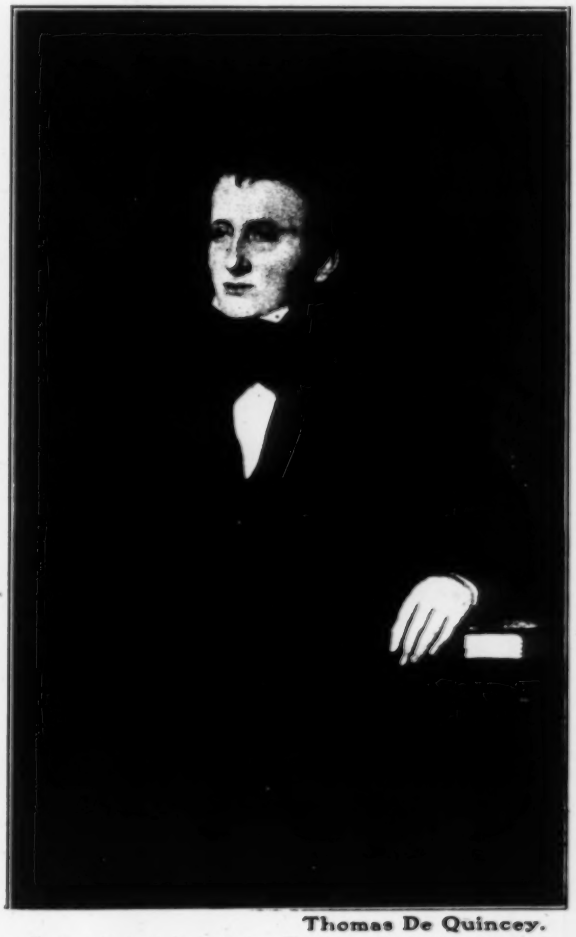
neutralised by a paralysis of the will. The excitement of opium was succeeded by a torpor, from which he now and then escaped, as when he received Ricardo's "Political Economy." He roused himself to become editor of the *Westmoreland Gazette*, an organ of the Tories. When his arrangements with the sub-editor were complete, the opium-eater's emoluments for leading article and supervision amounted to a guinea a week. This engagement lasted from July, 1818, to November, 1819. However little De Quincey may have understood the arts of journalism—and his idea of drawing upon German literature and philosophy for the delectation of the dalesmen was not very practical—the *Gazette* was probably at least as well managed as others of its class. Through Wilson there was a chance of writing for *Blackwood*, but "Old Ebony," by some mischance, did not secure De Quincey's first serious contribution to literature, and the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater" appeared in the *London Magazine* of September, 1821. He was now thirty-seven; a schoolboy translation of one of Horace's odes, published in 1800, and his unimportant work on the *Westmoreland Gazette*, were all that he had printed. In the intervening years he had studied both books and men, and now, under the pressure of household need, there commenced a wonderful outpouring of thought, philosophy, and fantasy, that only ceased with his life. The *London Magazine* had many brilliant contributors, including Charles Lamb and Tom Hood, but nothing that appeared in those magic pages was so unequivocally original as the "Confessions." The subject was as fresh as its treatment, and the public realised at once that a new force had declared itself in English literature. The first edition in book-form of the "Confessions" appeared in 1822, and contributions by the opium-eater appeared in the *London Magazine* until the beginning of 1825, when they ceased. But Charles Knight and Blackwood were ready to welcome his contributions, and in 1833, when William Tait founded the magazine bearing his name, he secured the aid of De Quincey, among other men of distinction who wrote for him. These, with some contributions to the *North British Review* and the "Encyclopædia Britannica," represent the bulk of his work until 1850, when there began a connection with "Hogg's Instructor," which was destined to have important consequences. The American admirers of De Quincey had already begun the issue of a collection of his writings, when Hogg urged the preparation of a complete English edition of his scattered writings, with such revision as might be found desirable. The first volume of these "Selections, Grave and Gay," appeared in 1853, and the revision and superintendence occupied the remainder of his life. Much of his literary life was spent in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where he died, December 8, 1859; a portion of the fourteenth volume was ready, but it did not appear until 1860, and then included one paper, "The Tradition of the Rabbins," which was not written by De Quincey, but came from the very different pen of George Croly, the author of "Salathiel."

De Quincey was essentially a magazine writer; "Klosterheim" (1832) and the "Logic of Political Economy" (1844) are the only volumes of his not made up from periodicals. This necessarily gives a fragmentary character to his writings—essays often written under the compulsion of haste, with the printer's devil literally or metaphorically sitting on the door-mat, clamant and obdurate for "copy." He wrote to John Wilson in February, 1825, "I am quite free from opium; but it has left the liver, the Achilles' heel of almost every human fabric, subject to affections which are tremendous for the weight of wretchedness attached to them. To fence with these with the one hand, and with the other to maintain the war with the wretched business of hack-author, with all its horrible degradations, is more than I am able to bear. At this moment I have not a place to hide my head in. . . . With a good publisher, and leisure to premeditate what I write, I might yet liberate myself; after which, having paid everybody, I would slink into some dark corner, educate my children, and show my face in the world no more." His piecemeal fashion of forwarding his copy and drawing payment on account was doubtless a source of worry to methodical editors. The correspondence which he had with Blackwood is painful to read, and he had earlier difficulties with the proprietors of the *London Magazine*. He had been encouraged by them to go to London, and the additional expense thus involved does not appear to have struck them. In an unpublished letter he dwells upon the discomfort he had thus to endure, and adds, "I not only gave up the society of my own family, but subject myself to the afflicting knowledge that in the event of any fatal illness in my family, I am, by distance and otherwise, so imprisoned that all hope of coming in time is to me at an end. This thought preys like a worm upon my spirits, and I need not say that the profound solitude to which I am condemned gives its whole force." In estimating his expenses, he puts down 10s. 6d. for washing and letters, "both these are articles arising out of absence from Westmoreland, and as to the last, besides domestic letters, I have a dun every day; and am obliged to pay nearly all both ways," and says, "Then add medicines, laudanum, which in solitude and anxiety I am obliged to increase." Apparently his statement of the case was convincing, for he continued on friendly terms with Taylor and Hessey to the end of their connection with the magazine. In another unpublished letter there is a casual reference to the Thurtell case. "The murder is a good one, as you observe, and truly gratifying to every man of correct taste; yet it might have been better, if he would have thrown in a few improvements that I could have suggested. I speak æsthetically, as the Germans say, of course; morally, it is a damnable concern. You must allow me to look at these things in two lights. Perhaps it is too recent yet to be looked at by the æsthetic critic." In this passage we have the germ of that grim piece of humour, the essay "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," which was published some four years later. In May, 1824, he writes to Hessey, in great trouble about filing a bill in Chancery, the alternative being that of

Thomas De Quincey.
(Reproduced from Hogg's Instructor.)

Thomas De Quincey.
From a portrait published in 1845.

Thomas De Quincey.
From a bust by John Cassidy in the Moss Side Public Library.

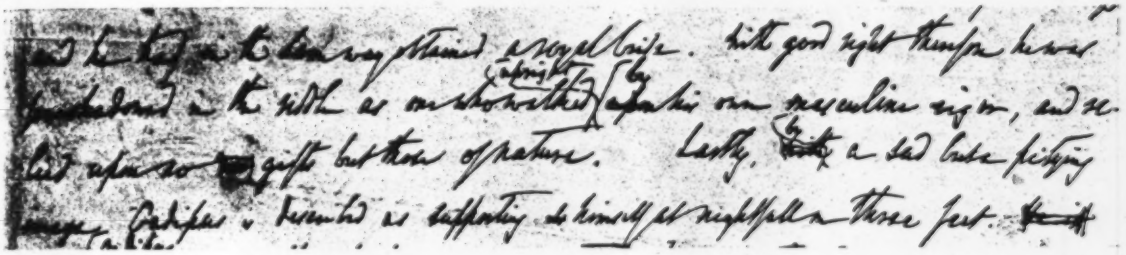


Thomas De Quincey.
From a portrait by J. Gordon Watson in the National Portrait Gallery.

leaving England immediately, "in order to avoid a series of nearly a dozen arrests." These references will show the circumstances of anxiety and discomfort under which De Quincey so often had to work. Prof. David Masson, in preparing the edition of De Quincey's works published by Macmillans, was able to make considerable additions to the number of papers known to have come from the pen of the opium-eater. But even with these remarkable fourteen volumes (1889-1891), and the two volumes of "Uncollected Writings," edited by James Hogg (1892), and the two volumes of the "Posthumous Works," edited by Alexander H. Japp (1893), the De Quincey collector has not got everything, for certain papers have eluded all this editorial research. Amongst these may be named an article on animal magnetism which appeared in *Tait*, and another poking fun at the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, which came out in the *London Magazine*. Other fruit, as yet uncollected, of those long years of "hack-authorship" may, it is possible, yet be identified.

The harvest which has been garnered of De Quincey's literary work is so large as to impress the critic in the first place by its extent, and in the second by its variety. De Quincey avoided verse-writing, but in prose he deals with the most diverse subjects, and that with a fulness of knowledge that is astonishing. Apart from the "Confessions"—a book which stands by itself in our literature—he writes on topics of history, science, biography, archæology, literary criticism, political economy, fantasy, and metaphysics. His pictures of his contemporaries, sometimes judged indiscreet at the time, are of priceless value for posterity. His criticism is always subtle and penetrating, and his appreciation generous. There is a scholarly waywardness about some of his speculations as though the love of paradox had been too strong for his judgment, as in his treatment of Judas Iscariot and the Essenes. Nor can any student of the history of economics afford to ignore what he has written about Ricardo and Malthus. The grim humour of "Murder as a Fine Art" shows another side of De Quincey's genius, in which he is without either forerunner or follower. In the use of what he has styled "impassioned prose," he has had both, but Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne may be ransacked in vain for such passages of stately forward-moving music as those in which De Quincey has described the visions of beauty and terror that filled his opium-fed imagination. His digressions, the result of the overflowing riches of memory and imagination, may be regarded as defects, yet who that reads them would wish the disappearance of even one? If there is a dull page in De Quincey I have not found it, although I have read every line that is known to be his, and many of his writings frequently. Whether the opium-eater is discussing the use of chloroform, or sketching his fellow pupils at the Manchester Grammar School, or describing with picturesque intensity the Flight of the Tartars, or examining the casuistry of Roman meals, he is always interesting and suggestive. He stimulates to thought and inquiry even where he does not carry conviction. He was a master of English, and had a due sense of the responsibility that rests upon those who have it in their power either to maintain the dignity of the mother-tongue of Shakespeare and of Milton, or to make the literature of the day a mere echo of the slang of the clubs and of the streets. He has taken his place among the immortals.

Thomas De Quincey is so essentially a writer that there is little need to say much of the man. Of frail physique, yet capable of great exertion, the dominant factor of his life when the wayward years of youth were past, was his consumption of opium. This gave him access to acclivities of abnormal pleasure and plunged him into abysses of unquenchable horror. Yet his passion for laudanum was no worse, morally or physically, than the passion for alcohol which has distinguished some great men. They are wisest who leave aside the subtle temptations of stimulants and narcotics, but the injurious indulgence in opium is not more morally reprehensible than the injurious indulgence in wine or brandy. He was a faithful and affectionate husband, and was rightly regarded with constant love by his children. He was unconventional to an amazing degree, and his habit of allowing himself to be "snowed up" by a constant accumulation of papers, which however useless he could not persuade himself to destroy, must have made him a terror to "tidy" landladies. Capable of immense industry, he was yet, under the influence of his favourite drug, habitually dilatory and procrastinating, and laboured under an almost chronic inability of decision. With much theoretical knowledge and native shrewdness, he lacked the faculty for dealing with the commonest problems of life, as when with a bank bill in his pocket, which he did not know how to cash, he was negotiating the loan of a few shillings. Even when due weight has been given to the absurd and sometimes, perhaps, spiteful stories told of his helplessness, the fact remains that his children, who were all well educated and able to take their proper place in life, retained for him only sentiments of reverence and affection. He had wonderful conversational powers, and, unlike some famous monologisers, he was a willing and courteous listener as well as an inspired talker. And beneath his formal Toryism, there was, as in the case of Samuel Johnson, a good substratum of radical humanitarianism. In an unpublished letter he says, "I am incapable of cruelty, and I abhor the bloody world, because it wallows in cruelty." He was kindly to the dumb creatures and courteous and considerate in his treatment of those to whom fortune had been illiberal. When he was an old man the sight of a beggar child led him to say, "All that I have ever had of enjoyment in life, the charms of friendship, the smiles of women, and the joys of wine, seem to rise up and reproach me for my happiness, when I see such misery, and know that there is so much of it in the world." Shy, sensitive, wise in counsel, but not in action, De Quincey, enslaved by the opium-habit, lived a life of almost constant anxiety and pecuniary pressure. He was a generous friend, and was happy in his domestic relations. It is possible that had Fortune been kinder De Quincey would have been merely a lover of literature, receptive but not productive. Under the pressure of unkind circumstance he produced pages that will last as long as the English language endures.



Facsimile of a portion of De Quincey's MS. of the "Theban Sphinx" in Hogg's Instructor.
From the original belonging to the De Quincey Collection in the Moss Side Public Library, Manchester.

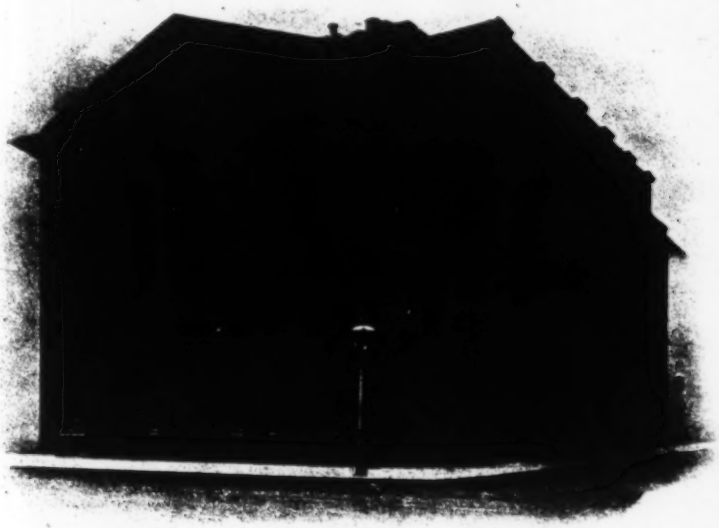
THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

For a few pence well laid out every week we can live in the best of all company—among the finest and truest gent'lemen the world has ever seen —G. BIRKBECK HILL.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

THE history of Pepys's "Diary" is one of the curiosities of literature. It is so for quite a remarkable number of reasons. In the first place, it was never intended as literature at all. It was begotten by curiosity on vanity, but there is no proof that the vanity ever contemplated any appeal to posthumous renown. The sententiousness of this most delightful book has created a popular misconception of its author as an aged and unrepentant sinner. As a matter of fact, it is only a faithful daily record of some ten years of the crowded life of an able Government servant, begun at the age of twenty-eight. This is the first and most important misconception of which readers of the "Diary" must rid their minds. It is the work of a young man, representing only the first decade of a long life of useful public service. Again, the work has become so firmly established as an English classic that it is surprising to remember that it did not see the light of day for more than a century after the author's death. During the whole of the eighteenth century Samuel Pepys was known only as an able and industrious naval administrator. His priceless "Diary" meanwhile rested undeciphered and almost unknown in the famous library which he bequeathed to his old college at Cambridge. Nor did the romance of the book end with its first publication by Lord Braybrooke in 1825. We have not yet got the complete "Diary," and it is possible that we never shall. Various editions appeared during last century, each claiming to give a fuller Pepys than any predecessor, until at last Pepys's private journal obtained a strange and unexpected form of fame. Second-hand booksellers labelled it "curious" or "facetious," and it came to be a touchstone of publishing enterprise and of editorial discretion. Only two years ago Messrs. Macmillan canonised it by granting it admission to the "Globe Library." Professor Gregory Smith, to whom fell the honour of ushering it into that Valhalla of English letters, had for reasons of copyright to be content with the abridged text. But so far from chafing against these necessary limitations, the Globe editor advanced cogent reasons for his belief that we may come nearer to the real Pepys in the Braybrooke text than "in the amazing digressions of the ampler versions."

Save for two or three stormy interludes, the official career of Pepys was one of great tranquility and prosperity. The son of a London tailor, he was born in 1633, and was educated at St. Paul's and at Trinity Hall and Magdalene College, Cambridge. To his father's cousin, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, he owed his first footing on the official ladder, which he proceeded to mount with a very remarkable rapidity. At the age of twenty-seven, at the time when the "Diary" begins, Pepys was already "clerk of the King's ships" and a clerk of the privy seal. He owed his start in life to what can only be called a flagrant political job, but he lived to justify it in the fullest measure. His assiduity to business was not less remarkable than his zest for pleasure, and when in due time he became Secretary of the Admiralty, his eminence as a naval expert was unquestioned. In 1673 Pepys was under suspicion of Popish inclinations, and the charge was renewed six years later, when he was committed to the Tower. With the Revolution came a brief committal to the Gate-house at Westminster and the loss of all his offices. So great was Pepys's reputation that it is probable that only the state of his health prevented his return to the Admiralty after the tumult of the Revolution had died away. Pepys in retirement was still called on for expert opinion. In 1690 he published his "Memoirs of the Navy," a fragment only of the *Navalia*, or elaborate History of the Navy, which for years he had planned to write. His last years of retirement were spent happily with his friends and his beloved books, and when he died in 1703, at the age of seventy, he left an official reputation that endured for a century and an unpublished manuscript that was destined to make his name illustrious for ever.



The Portico Library, Manchester.
"A very handsome news-room of which I was very courteously made free in passing through Manchester."—De Quincey's "Confessions."
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Librarian.)

Honourable as is the record of his official life, it affords no measure of the range and versatility of Pepys's interests. Besides being head of the King's Navy, he held at various times the mastership of the Trinity House and of the Company of Clothworkers. The Provostship of King's was offered him, and in 1681 he was elected President of the Royal Society. His scientific attainments were meagre enough, but his curiosity and enthusiasm were boundless. It is from this cause that there

is no dull page in his "Diary." Pepys had little or no sense of humour, but this very defect, combined with an insatiable curiosity and a positive genius for wringing the last drop of enjoyment out of life, produced one of the most diverting books ever written. Pepys was supremely happy in the time in which he lived—that

"Very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time."

His "Diary" reflects the first outburst of reaction against the grey sobriety of the Puritan regime, and Mr. Secretary Pepys, excellent official as he was, always had time to dance and drink and laugh with the merriest of Charles's merry men. There is no such footnote to history as that which Pepys affords to the reign of Charles II. He records the social history of his time with the pen of a born journalist, and the continuation of his Diary is one of the unwritten books the absence of which all must deplore. It is not only the great events of his day, like the Plague and the Fire, which Pepys can describe so cunningly. Duller men like Evelyn could do that. It is Pepys's triumph that he interests us in the most prosaic details of his day's routine. He is so intensely interested in himself that his enthusiasm is contagious, and the very chronicling of his rising and of his going to bed assumes a real importance. As a chapter in the history of London the "Diary" is beyond price. He does not set a certain scene before our eyes. He takes us with him wherever he goes—to the Exchange, on the river, to Vauxhall, to the book shops in Paternoster Row, or to Westminster on that great occasion when, fortified by a little mulled sack and brandy, Mr. Pepys for three hours delighted (by his own showing) an astonished House of Commons.

After all that has been written there is still a difference of opinion as to whether Pepys intended his "Diary" for publication or not. Stevenson, in a well-known essay, expressed the opinion that Pepys did intend to "button-hole posterity," but his conclusion is arrived at with manifest hesitation, and can by no means be deduced from his premisses. On the other hand, there is no fact of the case that is not adequately covered by the hypothesis that the "Diary" was only hasty jottings by the aid of which Pepys intended to relive in memory the crowded and eventful years of his prime. In his lifetime he appears to have been extremely careful and successful in covering his tracks when they deviated from the path of virtue, and it is difficult to believe that this "very worthy, industrious, and curious person," as Evelyn calls him, would have dreamed of preparing this posthumous outrage on his character. Had he been a cynic or a humorist, he might have found a grim pleasure in the thought of this self-exposure. But all we know of him is adverse to this supposition. In these merry Restoration times the code of private morality was not tyrannous nor exacting. But Samuel Pepys was always careful to do "bad" by stealth, and it is almost certain that he would have blushed to find it fame.

The "Diary" is sometimes spoken of as an autobiography. It is autobiographical, certainly, but it is the very essence of its merit that it is not an autobiography. That is to say, it bears upon the face of it the marks of its casual and artless origin. Had Pepys written his autobiography, we should in all likelihood have had a very different kind of document. We should have heard a great deal more about his work in the Admiralty and much less about his playing of the flute, not to speak of other less innocent relaxations. It is impossible to read his "Diary" without feeling that Pepys was, after all, only an amateur in vice. He takes an obvious pride in magnifying his misdemeanours, and sets them all forth in a valiant endeavour to prove to himself that he was really and truly a "Restoration Buck." Behind it all we detect something of the timidity of the ancestral tailor.

There is much in the character of Pepys that invites comparison with that of Boswell. The resemblance goes deeper than is suggested by the common denominator of a boundless curiosity. The methods by which they achieved their fame were substantially the same, used in the one case objectively and in the other subjectively. They were alike in the want of humour which, fortunately for posterity, enabled them to take all things seriously, and to record the thousand and one details which give to their works their incomparable value and charm. It is easily possible to think of the two exchanging shoes. Boswell (could he have withstood the Restoration facilities for drinking) might have fawned his way into a respectable position at the Admiralty: at least he would have entered on his duties with an ignorance equal to that of Pepys. He would have enjoyed those ten years of Carolean London with a gusto not less than that of Pepys, and he probably would have excelled Samuel in allowing no considerations of propriety to prevent him from embellishing the pages of his strictly private journal. We have no proof that Pepys could have worked the results of his patient observation of Johnson into a great biography, but in his own way and manner we do not doubt that he could have given us a not less brilliant portrait. He was a clubbable man, too, and more tactful than Bozzy, and their common devotion to the flute would have restrained him from an unreasoning jealousy of Goldsmith.

J. H. LOBBAN.

The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Ed. G. Gregory Smith. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Pepys and the World he lived in. By H. B. Wheatley. 7s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)

R. L. Stevenson's Familiar Studies in Men and Books.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the three best passages on Sleep in English poetry.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the eight best instances of Friendship in English fiction: two between men, two between women, two between men and women, two between children.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by E. W. NEESHAM, 76, Hunton Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.

WORLD WITHOUT END. By WINIFRED GRAHAM.

"Will no man say Amen?"
—*Richard II.*, IV., 1, 172.

Other good answers submitted were:—

ECONOMICS FOR IRISHMEN. By PAT.

"You shall see it will fall out, Pat."
—*Mid. Night's Dream.*

(L. A. WILKS, 15, Avenue Victoria, Scarborough.)

Thomas De Quincey.

Early Portrait of Thomas De Quincey.

From original miniatures in the possession of Miss Baird Smith.

De Quincey's Father.

De Quincey's Mother.

(Reproduced from "De Quincey's Works," by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

Thomas De Quincey.

From a bust by Sir John Steell.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

Mrs. F. Baird Smith,

Daughter of Thomas De Quincey.

From a painting by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.

(Reproduced from "De Quincey's Works," by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

Thomas De Quincey.

From the original medallion by Shakespeare Wood in the possession of Miss Baird Smith.

De Quincey Family Group, 1855.

From a chalk drawing by James Archer, R.S.A.

(Reproduced from "De Quincey's Works," by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

LACHRYMAE JOCULATORIS. (Review of "The Crackling of Thorns." By DUM-DUM.)
"Were't not for laughing I should pity him."
—1 *Hen. IV.*, II., 2, 108.
(MISS C. JAMESON, 48, Poplar Avenue, Birmingham.)

A MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY. By C. O. ECCLES.
"I am most apt to embrace your offer."
—*Twelfth Night*, V., 1, 358.
(MRS. OGILVIE.)

SHAKESPEARE'S COMMENT ON TOLSTOY'S CRITICISM OF KING LEAR.
"It wearies me; you say it wearies you."
—*Merchant of Venice*, 1, 1.
(J. F. HORRABIN, 6, Caxton Road, Sheffield.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS offered for the best six descriptions in English prose or verse of the song or call of a bird has been gained by Miss MAUDE REA, Abbeylands, Whiteabbey, Belfast.

I.

That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
—"Home Thoughts from Abroad" (Robert Browning).

II.

Hark! ah, the nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark!—what pain!
. . . . . .
Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian oak?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain! —"Philomela" (Matthew Arnold).

III.

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou singest alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo!
Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo!
—"Lyrical Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria" (O. Crawfurd).

IV.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
—"To a Skylark" (Shelley).

V.

I hear him careless throw
One warning utterance sweet;
Then faint at first, and low,
The full notes closer grow;
Hark! what a torrent gush!
They pour, they overflow—
Sing on, sing on, O thrush!
—"The Ballad of the Thrush" (Austin Dobson).

VI.

As first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch, but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, as in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the leverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"—(Izaak Walton).

Excellent lists were received from A. F. EVANS, Miss C. JAMESON, Miss DORIS HEATH, Miss WATSON, Miss M. C. KELLY.

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best word-picture of London by a living writer has been gained by Miss EVA M. MARTIN, St. Kilda, Carrington, Nottingham.

"London is, before all things, an incomparable background; it is always in the right note, it is never out of tone. . . . We may hurry across the great stretches and folds of a park, with a glamorous smirched sunset, curling clouds over the distant houses, wisps of mist becoming palpably blue against thorn-trees, and the call of a closing space and of a closing-in day, indescribably mournful and distant. We may hurry to our triumph of love, to our bankruptcy, to our end or our beginning of the world. Or we may be driven behind a slipping, frightened horse through gray empty streets, among whirls of small hard snowflakes, to a house where there are the titter and bustle of a wedding, or where on the stairs there are the heavy footfalls and muffled breathings of men carrying down the coffin of our best friend in the world. The background for either mood will be the right one. . . . In the end we must all leave London; for all of us it must be again London from a distance, whether it be a distance of six feet underground, or whether we go to rest somewhere on the other side of the hills that ring in this great river basin. . . . At nights the great blaze will shine up at the clouds; on the sky there will still be that brooding and enigmatic glow, as if London with a great ambition strove to grasp at heaven with arms that are shafts of light. That is London writing its name upon the clouds. And in the hearts of its children it will still be something like a cloud—a cloud of little experiences, of little personal impressions, of small futile things that, seen in moments of stress and anguish, have significances so tremendous and meanings so poignant. A cloud—as it were of men's lives."—From "The Soul of London" (F. M. Hueffer).

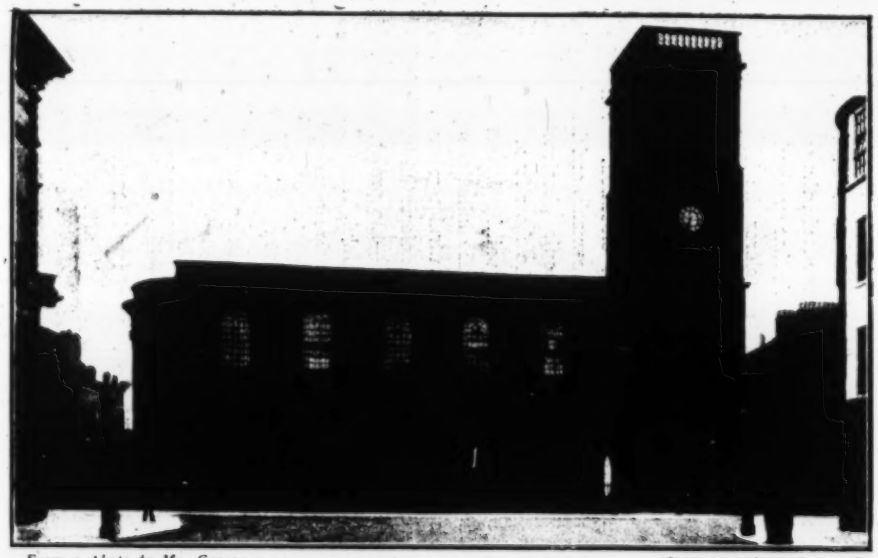
Admirable passages were submitted by Miss MAUDE REA, Miss H. H. ISON, Miss MACADAM, D. SILL, Mrs. E. A. CRAWSHAW, A. F. EVANS, Miss B. O. ANDERSON.

IV.—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN has been gained by Miss MACKECHNIE, 15, Queen's Gardens, St. Andrews.

FREDERIC W. MAITLAND.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE smallness of the ripple on the general public consciousness, caused by the passing of England's greatest historian since Gibbon and Macaulay, illustrates but too forcibly the validity of the doctrine set forth in an article upon "The Measure of Greatness" in the Christmas number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that the investigations of the most elaborately-equipped specialists are apt more and more to be quite lost to their fellow men, who may compute their greatness mathematically, but will be able in no sense to comprehend it. Abstruse, however, as Maitland's researches and speculations were, it can be denied by no one that his style and method were incisive, brilliant and captivating in the highest degree. To him, indeed, at least as appropriately as to Bagehot himself, might be applied the saying of Sir Leslie Stephen that "His mind was so alert, his interest in life so keen, and his powers of illustration so happy, that he could give freshness even to talk upon the British Constitution or the medieval Land Laws. He could not be dull or common-



From a photo by Mr. George Wardley, Manchester.

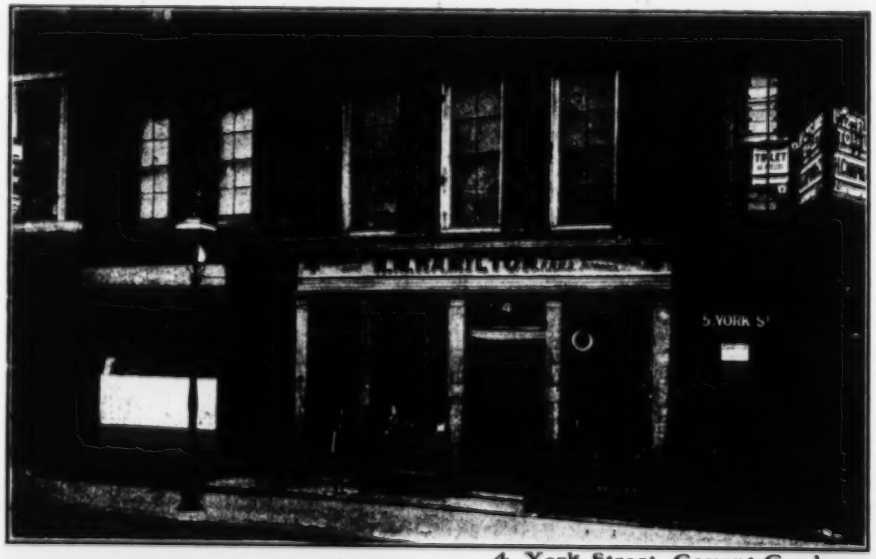
St. Ann's Church, Manchester.

Where De Quincey was baptised.

From an old print.

North East View of St. Peter's Church, Manchester, as it was in De Quincey's time.

It was here he listened to the sermons of his guardian, the Rev. Samuel Hall.



4, York Street, Covent Garden

Where De Quincey lodged in 1821, and where he wrote "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater."

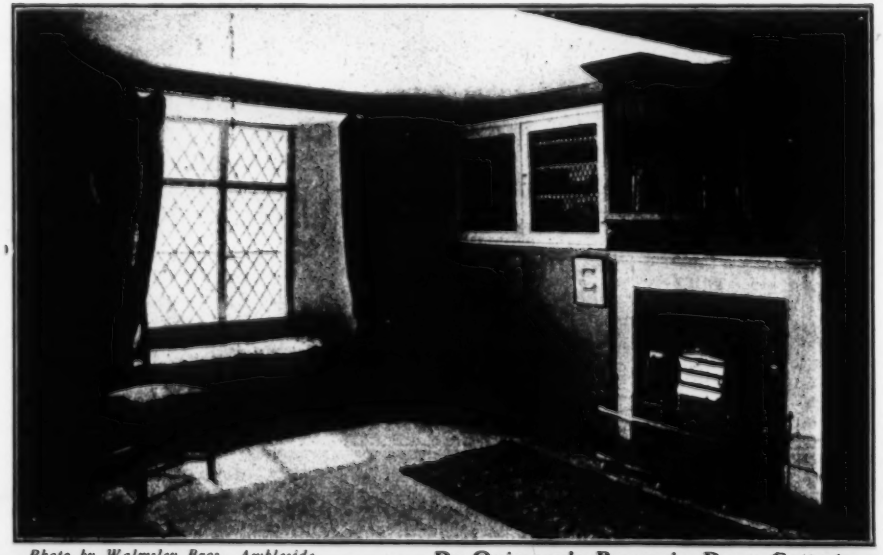


Photo by Walmsley Bros., Ambleside.

De Quincey's Room in Dove Cottage.

Referred to in "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater."

place, even on the driest or tritest topics." Reflection, it must be, can only intensify the grief of all instructed persons that this "*intelligence, si fine, si pénétrante, si prime-sautière*" (as the great scholar Bémont wrote of him in a private letter) should have been withdrawn from the service of man.

A friend said to me that only two Englishmen of to-day could be said "to see the Middle Ages whole," one, alas! was dead, the other was a silent oracle. They were F. W. Maitland and R. Lane Poole.

Maitland's affection for medieval history was to some extent hereditary. He was the grandson of Samuel Roffey Maitland, whose books are still delightful. They excel in controversial vigour and in dialectical skill, defending, with exuberant humour, the so-called "Dark Ages" against the eighteenth century aspersions of Principal Robertson; and defending the Catholic point of view against Foxe and Burnet. They form, in fact, a kind of eddy of that movement of thought, the *reductio ad absurdum* of which was so happily achieved by the grandson in the phrase, "The fact seems then, according to this school, that England was Protestant before the Reformation, and has been Catholic ever since." "F. W." was educated at Eton and Trinity. The now celebrated Cory was his tutor, but his name will be sought in vain among Cory's select correspondents. There was an autobiographical revelation in a speech beginning, "There once was a boy," aimed against compulsory Greek, but showing incidentally how little he owed to Eton. Like Stephen, he owed the school a grudge for "not having made a better scholar of him." At Trinity commenced his real education, the two most important factors in which he once said were the writings of Stubbs and of Savigny. He confessed once to the advantage (shared by few students of Constitutional History) of having first read Stubbs in the armchair of a London club, "because it was interesting."

But though Maitland owed to Stubbs some of his ideals, he detested some of the bishop's idols. He refused to be hypnotised by the episcopal crozier; he was remorseless in sweeping away what Dr. Tout calls "a whole rubbish heap of unverified theory," and "pricking the big bubble as to the attitude of the Medieval Church to the Roman See, which so eminent a scholar as Stubbs himself had helped to inflate." Far from the caution which disgusts the tyro, it was the intrepidity of Stubbs which occasionally shocked Maitland. Many an investigator, he used to say, will leave his bones to bleach in the desert of pre-Norman History, before this region is accurately mapped. "Even Stubbs was not fully aware of the treachery of the ground that he traversed." The year of Maitland's death has coincided unhappily with that of another great master whom he revered, Albert Sorel, whose words, "'C'est toute la tragédie, toute la comédie humaine que met en scène sous nos yeux l'histoire de nos lois," he adopted as a motto for his "Year Books of Edward II."

It is not, perhaps, generally known that Maitland was a blue at Cambridge. He won the freshman's mile and the three-mile race in the 'Varsity Sports; and he also rowed for a season in the Trinity boat. From Trinity days dated his intimacy with A. J. Balfour.

His failure to win a fellowship was a blessing in disguise. It took him out of the academic groove. It made him write, as Huxley wrote, on difficult themes in such a way as to command the intelligent assent of laymen. Close practice in conveyancing taught him as no other experience could have taught him the importance of the letter—in all legal documents or phrases. A little over twenty years ago, after twelve years of practical training, he returned to Cambridge from Lincoln's Inn, as Reader in English Law, largely owing to the influence of Henry Sidgwick, to whom he dedicated his first notable work, "Bracton's Note Books," which he issued at his own expense. It is needless here to recount his subsequent writings. In even the least of them, such as the little monograph on "Justice and Police" in the Citizen series, he shows that quality of subtle vision combined with strenuous summary (the rubric in this case being the decline and fall of the Sheriff's power) which marks his writings. Pollock's share in the magnum opus on the "History of English Law" was, as he himself acknowledges, relatively small. Maitland subsequently rewrote the opening chapter on Anglo-Saxon law, in "Domesday and Beyond" (a book to-day as indispensable as it is almost inaccessible). The chapter on marriage, under some provocation from Stubbs, he expanded into "Canon Law in England" (showing "how the common law stood firm"), the book of all which he enjoyed writing most. But he enjoyed life well, in spite of precarious health and attenuated fibre. The most casual observer will remember that vivid intense look, the eager, sensitive eye, the fine nervous hands that grasped so firmly.

In the spirit of the true explorer he lamented (too justly, alas!) the brevity of life. He was fond of reading passages from recent work aloud to his friends. The dramatic force and charm of his reading was vivid beyond description. To hear him reproduce a cross-examination was a banquet of elocution. When he gave the Ford Lectures on "Township and Borough," he held a large audience of people, absolutely strange to the subject, spell-bound by the sheer force of personality and style. With these qualities he associated a trenchant yet unobvious wit. He killed the project of an Academe for women on neutral territory between Oxford and Cambridge—by his deferential banter in regard to the merits of Bletchley—the professors would come thither by train from Oxford, from Cambridge, but when they arrived on the station platform their fair students would not be found, for at Bletchley one changes either for Oxford or for Cambridge. The study of the year-books—the best source we have for undress colloquial, medieval thought and discourse—the law, the life, the logic, and incidentally the language of the fourteenth century—occasioned the production of a brief grammar of legal French, "a monument of Romance philology," attesting the extraordinary versatility of the man. He often referred humorously to the discovery of a rule in old law French, that the same verb was not allowed both a preterite and an imperfect. This he described as

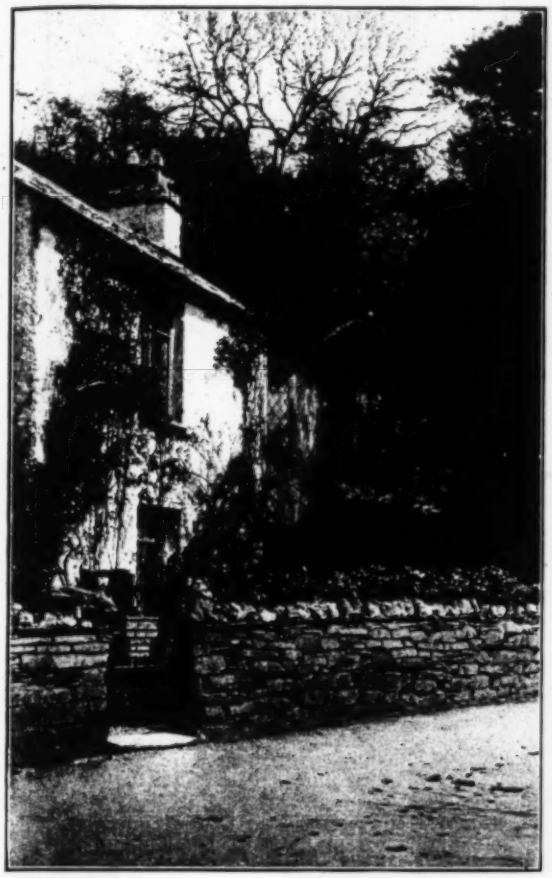


Photo by Walmsley Bros., Ambleside.

Dove Cottage, Grasmere.

Photo by Walmsley Bros., Ambleside.

Nab Cottage.

The home of De Quincey's wife.

Thomas De Quincey's Daughters.

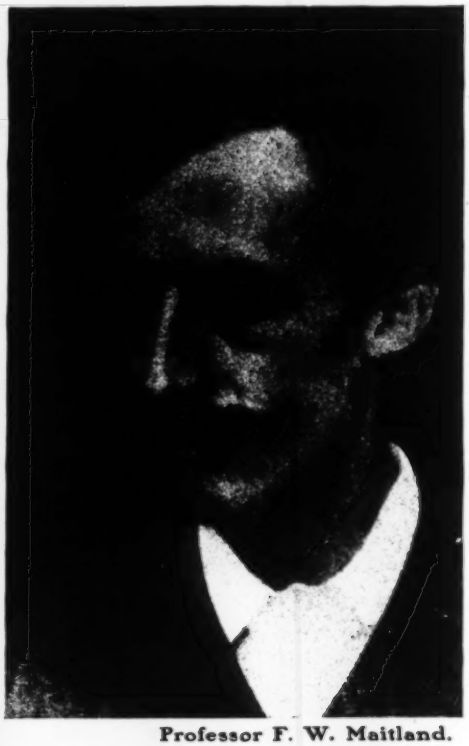
From an original crayon drawing by James Archer, R.S.A., in the possession of Miss Baird Smith.

"Maitland's Law," a discovery in philology which would in time eclipse the fame of the brothers Grimm.

Pollock introduced him to Stephen through the "Tramps"—the now well-known Sunday walking club. Walking home fourteen miles with Leslie in the rain he became a life-intimate with the man whose nature he unravelled so perfectly in that marvellous biography which everyone ought to read. In his last years he saw much of Stephen, and saw his book on Hobbes through the press. The emotion and sensibility shown in the Memoir of his friend must have unnerved him against his pulmonary delicacy, which necessitated his wintering in Grand Canary.

Later he married Stephen's niece. Mrs. Stephen's drawing-room was a favourite resort in those days. There he enjoyed good music, and it was there that he first met the future Mrs. Maitland.

One of the greatest privileges that could have been allotted to one historically inclined in this sublunary world was to hear Maitland drawing out Lord Acton. Many of my readers will probably know the story of the Master of Trinity welcoming Acton to Cambridge as being the special sphere (to which he could add lustre) of Macaulay, Seeley, and Creighton—three Cambridge proto-historians. In the course of a speech later in the evening, Acton said, "I also raise my glass to the three greatest Cambridge historians, Maine, Lightfoot, Maitland." This from Acton, of the man who avowed dissent from English, Roman, and all other churches. Here, as in History, Maitland's maxim might have been "quaero," the motto of Fustel de Coulanges, an historian of institutions whom he greatly admired. One of his most marvellous productions, to my mind, was the chapter in "The Anglican Settlement" in the "Cambridge Modern History." Flaubert, it is said, read 1,800 books for "Bouvard et Pécuchet." Maitland's compression of learning, without ever straining a point of it, in this chapter is beyond praise.



Professor F. W. Maitland.

If the truth lies, as Renan says, in the rendering of nuances, Maitland is the truest of our historians. To speak of him, as some may, as the greatest, is to speak too technically. But he stands almost alone as an English historian of the modern type: seeking to disentangle and to express that most subtle, elusive, and complex thing, historical truth. And his greatness as an historian lies first of all just in this: that he appreciated, as no Macaulay or Gibbon ever appreciated, the extreme difficulty of his task. Three qualities must go to the making of a great writer of history as we conceive it now: an imagination capable of reading life into the mustiest of medieval law books; a critical acumen not to be deceived by any plausibilities or false analogies, or bewildered by any intricacies of evidence; an intellectual detachment which knows nothing of the desire to read the present into the past; and, finally (to add a fourth qualification), a power of exposition sufficient to make chaos lucid and vivify dry bones. In the combination of these qualities what historian is superior to F. W. Maitland? I cannot think of any. No man ever attacked with a more comprehensive discrimination the most difficult historical problems; and no man ever realised more thoroughly that the most technical of historical problems is a problem of real life. In his pages, tithing and frankpledge, sake and soke, toll and team cease to be pedantries and become part of the lives of men. . . . "Above all," as he says so finely at the close of "Domesday and Beyond," "by slow degrees the thoughts of our forefathers, their common thoughts about common things, will have become thinkable once more." Like Renan, he reclaimed large provinces for history from theology. Not the least brilliant of his historical *aperçus* is that the conception of property, far from being primitive, is a highly complex one; similarly with medieval institutions, far from being based on elementary ideas, Maitland perceived that they were based on conceptions of an extremely complex, though for the most part extremely nebulous order.

Musician, linguist, exquisite stylist and conversationalist, the spiritual side of Maitland was the predominant one. This was seen in the merest glance, a chance word, a characteristic pleasantry. How exquisitely he tells the story of Stephen's introduction to the King on the occasion of the great "Dictionary" dinner, of his majesty's affability, and curiosity to learn if Stephen took tobacco.

> "Did he smoke? With the eye of faith we may see a silent but convincing answer given to the Prince's question. We watch the tall man, aged sixty-seven, who has climbed to the top of the omnibus. A hard hand dives into a pocket and thence extracts an ancient pipe. Is there guide in all the Alps more expert with a match in a wind? Would Melchior show more skill? So the smoke goes up; and no one will grudge the smoker his 'chuckle or two,' for beyond a doubt he has been 'dreadfully bored,' and, beyond a doubt, the 'Dictionary' which 'cost a slice of his life' was a 'good bit of work.'"

Great scholar was seldom more easy than Maitland. His table was commonly littered with the proof sheets of his friends. His tolerance extended to the most meteoric of his American admirers; even though it be true that he was the originator of the saying (*vis à vis* of some notorious bore) that, as in heaven there were

many mansions, he was free to hope that there was one apiece. He could be crushing in a review, witness his criticism of Dean Luckock's book on the "History of Marriage," in the *English Historical Review* (Oct., 1895); but he was never deliberately harsh, still less savage. Note how delicately he taps at Seebohm's sanctuary after a most triumphant course of argument with his "The Wetherby hundred was not many miles away from the classic fields of Hitchin." The speech and demeanour of Maitland, the charm and simple modesty of his normal self, attracted and subjugated all who came within its sway. The most self-confident scholar discarded his habitual arrogance in his presence, the most suspicious felt that he could trust this man's references. He is said to have been projecting an edition of Sir Thomas Smith's "De Republica Anglorum." The last thing he wrote probably was the generous estimate of Mary Bateson in the *Athenæum*. The robust pupil preceded the frail master to the "Fortunate Isles" by a bare six weeks. Generosity was one of his conspicuous attributes. He once sent me a paragraph for a review I was writing for *The Times*. The veriest scrap of his writing is no small prize. I cherish the memory of this kindness, and still more that, just before he sailed on his last voyage, he asked after—spoke of me. Truly rigged in eclipse was the vessel that sailed on that ill-timed, ill-omened voyage. If the pneumonia had seized him two days later or two days earlier, the fatal termination might well have been averted. As it was, he landed only to die. Plato's remark on Theætetus would have applied uncommonly well to F. W. Maitland: "He had a quickness of apprehension which was almost unrivalled, and he was exceedingly gentle. There was a union of qualities in him which I have never seen in any other, and should scarcely have thought possible, for quick wits have generally quick tempers; but he moved surely and smoothly and successfully in the paths of knowledge and enquiry."

In view of the fact that for twenty years the paths of historical learning on its legal side had converged at Maitland's door at Downing, the apparent neglect by public opinion at the time of his death was felt almost as an affront by many historical scholars. It illustrates only too well the inability of the public to estimate at its true worth the higher or abstruser forms of intellectual attainment. But wherever scholarship, self-abnegation, and spirituality are recognised as fitting subjects for honour, there the name of Frederic William Maitland will be held in highest veneration.

New Books.

LORD ACTON'S LECTURES.*

Lord Acton, to the general public, I suppose, is chiefly known as a Roman Catholic peer with a European reputation for learning, who for the last six years of a life devoted to study was Sir John Seeley's successor in the Regius Chair of Modern History at Cambridge, but whose published writings are confined to the remarkable letters to Miss Gladstone. The present volume of lectures will undoubtedly help to justify to that general public the unchallenged position which Acton had in silence long occupied in the world of historical scholarship. For it is a volume which unquestionably will impress all historical students, and it ought to appeal as strongly to educated readers as the spoken word did to the hearers of it at Cambridge. The bulk of its contents are devoted to Professorial lectures given in the academic years 1899-1901, preceded by a reprint of the famous Inaugural of 1895, and followed by the striking Letter to the Contributors to the Cambridge Modern History, which perhaps explains better than anything else Acton's conceptions of history and his ideals as a student. The editors, Mr. Figgis and Mr. Laurence, speaking with the authority of personal experience, do well in their brief Introduction, not merely to emphasise Acton's interpretation of the duties of the historian and the place of history in the literature of power as well as of knowledge (for even a careless reader will have ample opportunity to discover the quality of the writer's mind and personality in the Lectures themselves), but to explain and justify the positive and measurable results of the six years of his Professorship. In teaching, the organisation of his department, and research, the three fields which form the province of a University Professor, "we ought," they say deliberately, "to be amazed alike at the quantity of his achievement and the quality of his activity." And if a small personal testimony be worth anything, on the three occasions on which I was privileged to discuss at length with Lord Acton in the Oxford college of which he was an honorary Fellow, before Trinity at Cambridge gave him another University home, some of the subjects that lay so closely to his heart, it is easy to understand the verdict that "as teacher, lecturer, and friend he inspired us all with the sense that history was something greater than before we had realised." Under this head, perhaps even more striking than the characteristic remark (p. 171), "the history of liberty, which is the marrow of all modern history," with its unconsciously pathetic reference to the plan of that great history of Liberty familiar to readers of the "Letters to Mary Gladstone," is the sentence on p. 202: "We must remember this, that the art of understanding adversaries is an innovation of the present century, characteristic of the historic age"—a fine complement surely to the penetrating opinion of Bagehot, that it is easy to make men understand the solution of a problem; what is difficult is to make them understand the problem of which it is a solution. The Inaugural of 1895 has passed into the classic field of Professorial utterances, not merely for what it registered, but for what it foreshadowed, though the controversies that it stirred have not ceased to reverberate in the groves of Academe. Some of us have not forgotten the historical duel which the description of a wonderful prophecy to Pitt brought about, nor the wonderful tribute to Ranke, nor the calm assertion, fortified by great names, that England is not behind the Continent in the quality, if she is in the quantity, of her critical work in history, nor fifty other impressive *obiter dicta*. Readers above all who recall the appeal to the historian, almost in terms of passion, not to lower the standards of moral judgment in historical issues, because otherwise "we cannot uphold them in Church or State," will probably turn eagerly to see how the Professor himself carried his precepts out in practice. The Lectures opened, we understand, a new chapter in the history of modern history at Cambridge: they will not disappoint the student of to-day. Three points, I fancy, stand out at once. First, the remarkable range of knowledge. Lecture I. deals with "The Beginning of the Modern State," *i.e.*, in the fifteenth century; Lecture XIX. ends with "The American Revolution;" and the lecturer is equally at home in both, and with all the subjects that intervene between the perjury of Varna in 1446 and the Convention of Philadelphia of 1787. In the massiveness of the erudition, and the ease with which it is carried, these essays remind one of nothing so much as some of his friend Döllinger's volumes, of whom Mr. Gladstone, a friend of both, so felicitously said that his learning was as vast as the host of Xerxes, and as easily manœuvred as the Three Hundred of Leonidas. But, secondly, we are sure to be impressed with the simplicity of style, the directness of the method, and the clearness of treatment. The selection of the nineteen subjects is in itself no mean proof of the depth and breadth of Acton's knowledge. Just as in drawing a human figure in atmosphere it requires a consummate draughtsmanship to know both what to omit and how to omit it, so in the selection of topics from a field of three centuries it requires the master's learning to know what to

* "Lectures on Modern History." By Lord Acton. 10s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

choose, and why. Perhaps only some knowledge in the subject matter of this or that chapter will enable us fully to appreciate the solid basis of learning, the command of multiplex detail which never blurs the precision of insight into the informing principles, by which can be won that wonderful sureness of touch in the choice of an epithet, or the restrained allusion opening up mysterious and alluring vistas of illuminating thought. The admirable clearness of presentation, the severe economy of matter, in fact, disguise, as they ought, the solidity and area of the structure. Analysis in detail alone could show how varied and compressed the material is that has been built in. And, thirdly, the impartiality. Impartiality, as Gallio interpreted it, Acton demonstrably abhorred. To care for none of the issues that a historian must decide was, in his eyes, almost a sin and a crime. "He was destitute," he says (p. 176) of Richelieu, "of principles—I mean of political principles, which are the guide of public life as moral principles are the guide of our private lives." Impartiality, I take it, to Acton was the reverse of indifference or neutrality: it was essentially a quality of mind, which conceives it to be a duty to judge, a mind deeply concerned with the fundamental problems of man's individual and social destiny, but by painful deliberation purged of the Idols of the Tribe, the Market-place, and the Study, a mind determined to find the truth and to proclaim it when found, without fearing or flattering mortal flesh. These lectures are stamped with that quality; in the bewildering flux of fact their author not merely continually searches for ideas and principles: he is determined to measure and classify, and his standard is a moral criterion that draws its strength from his conception of the dignity and worth of life. And if anyone doubts that in applying this critical method and these critical ideals Acton cannot be impartial in the ordinary sense of that word, let him turn to Lecture IV., "Luther," and as he reads it remember that it is a Roman Catholic who is speaking. But if these Lectures, as a whole, are a remarkable conspectus of modern history from the Fall of Constantinople to the Congress of Philadelphia, they also have a literary value of their own, and are studded with many felicitous sentences, to find which should assuredly tempt many readers to study this book with care. Let me cite three or four examples: "To his (Columbus) auspicious persistency in error Americans owe, among other things, their existence" (p. 61). "Two of our greatest writers, to speak truly, our two greatest writers, Burke and Macaulay" (p. 231). "They (the Whigs) were a combination of men rather than a doctrine, and the idea of fidelity to comrades was often stronger among them than the idea of fidelity to truths" (p. 217). "Burke at his best is England at its best" (276). "Party implies the existence of a party which is out as well as a party that is in" (275). The Prussian theory and practice of State Government, as built up by Frederick the Great, forming "a new and tremendous power, supported by millions of bayonets . . . is the greatest danger that remains to be encountered by the Anglo-Saxon race" (p. 289). The eighteenth century "was the age of what may be called the Repentance of Monarchy" (p. 302). "Even now, many people know of no law of nations but that which consists in contracts and conventions" (p. 59). One charming touch of humour out of many must be added: "The devil declared that the king (Charles II. of Spain) was possessed. Subsequently he admitted that this was a falsehood, which surprised nobody" (p. 252). Some, too, of the numerous verdicts will, for historical and other reasons, provoke surprise, criticism and dissent. "We cannot," says Lord Acton *àpropos* of Father Paul, "take our history out of Newgate," an assumption that a criminal is necessarily a liar, which is not by any means true. Slow-footed Justice, for example, discovered the assassins of Cavendish and Burke on no other than "Newgate" evidence. Mary Stuart, on pp. 147-152, is virtually let off "not proven," on the ground that more "than suspicious and compromising evidence . . . is required for a verdict of guilty in a matter of life and death." Yet for George I. (p. 267) the "proper destination was not St. James', but Newgate; indeed, not Newgate, but Tyburn," because "nobody doubted" that he was the author of Königsmarck's death. Now there are two questions here. The guilt of George's unhappy wife is beyond all doubt, and George knew it. The evidence that the king commanded Königsmarck's death is obscure, conflicting, and at worst scarcely as "suspicious and compromising" as that against Mary Stuart. And, secondly, on the ethical point. George spared the life of his guilty wife. Would not the moral conscience, alike of the sixteenth century, the eighteenth, and of to-day assert that connivance at the murder of your husband by a wife who marries in a shamefully short period the murderer is intrinsically more heinous than connivance at the killing of the profligate paramour of a guilty consort? Mary married Bothwell: George divorced and shut up Sophia Dorothea. On p. 220 Lord Acton reasserts the popular view "that Charles II. had been in perpetual want of money through the expensive scandals of his Court." Dr. Shaw, who has edited the Treasury Books and Papers for the reign, not only flatly denies this with detailed figures from the archives, but thrusts the responsibility for the Treaty of Dover from the King on to Parliament. It is also worth noticing that Lord Acton's conclusions as to the numbers slain in the St. Bartholomew massacre (p. 163) have been recently severely criticised by Mr. Whitehead in his masterly Life of Coligny, and it is not easy to escape from Mr. Whitehead's arguments. Two verdicts (p. 223), "that William Penn was the greatest historic figure of the age," and (p. 234), "Lewis XIV. was by far the ablest man who was born in modern times on the steps of a throne," almost take away one's breath. That on Lewis XIV. is sharply contradicted by Lord Acton himself on p. 290 and again on p. 300, when a similar position is assigned to Frederick the Great. It is curious to find that Lord Acton repeats on p. 266 the oft-made statement that the Electress Sophia "died of rage at an unfriendly letter from Queen Anne," which is surely very difficult to reconcile with the dates as we know them. Nor does "rage" quite describe the effect of the letter in question on the lady. Still more difficult to accept is the generalisation on p. 285, "It was the empire of Peter the Great that destroyed the empire of Napoleon." Had Lord Acton lived to edit vol. ix. of his Cambridge Modern History, he would surely have been obliged to rewrite 700 of its 800 odd pages. These and similar hard sayings, equally with others which one would like to adopt (for example, Lord Acton had no hesitation [p. 243] in identifying the Man in the Iron Mask with Mattioli) will make every historical student regret that the Lectures have no footnotes or references to authorities. This is a most serious loss. On almost every page one pines for an indication of the source whence a conclusion is drawn. Lord Acton's knowledge was so vast and so rare that the footnotes would have been in themselves a liberal education. We must console ourselves with the comforting thought that we are promised shortly the Lectures on the French Revolution.

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

A SCHOLAR'S MUSINGS.*

May we not remonstrate gently with a critic so sensitive to the finer shades for misleading us in his title? There is a copyright that never expires. Pascal forbids any second man to offer the world "Provincial Letters." When this volume fell into my hands I opened it eagerly, anticipating a new discussion of the inexhaustible; and being baulked, I was not in the temper immediately to prize the good things here set down. Then I read a little here and there, turning the leaves, and found that I was looking upon the harvest of a quiet eye—some tranquil, shrewd, ingenious, and scholarly reflections which, by their very peacefulness, made a holiday for one who would escape out of our loud-roaring times. The English essayist lives in them again. Charles Lamb would own more than one sentence; and in general the eighteenth century might claim Mr. Sylvan among its descendants in literature. He is neither passionate, nor decadent, nor exotic, nor intense. He is just a cultivated Englishman, at home in his own country, loyal to his Church, wise and humorous, sure of himself, conservative, classical, altogether *comme il faut*. I hardly know why this should seem to me amusing, but it does. Perhaps it is the perfection of a type now growing rare, soon to be almost extinct, which long reposed on the inviolable three per cents., on the county families, fellowships and sinecures, and on the Thirty-nine Articles. *Beatus ille!*

M. Bourget would fall into raptures on viewing such a

* "Provincial Letters and Other Papers." By the Author of "Pages from a Private Diary." 5s. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

fine old crusted world and listening to its (shall we say?) superior gossip—about Johnson's Lichfield, Gray's Bloomsbury, "Oxford in the Vacation," Atterbury's revision of Waller's verses, and even "English Patriotic Poetry." All is so secure, so island-bound, not to be invaded by Teutons or revolutionised by Celts. Here is that England where no Scot reigns, with its pictures of quaint, out of the way towns like Chipping Campden and Bourton-on-the-Water; its "cries of quite ordinary sheep made plaintive by distance" (what a characteristic touch!); its pleasant lanes and stately parish churches; its debates of the Scropes and the Grosvenors "respecting the right to bear the arms *azure, a bend or*"; its "Cotteswold" wool-staplers, and Fairford windows of stained glass; its Westminster School, Deans of Christ Church, and, to conclude all, its William Shakespeare. Do you relish the *menu*, good reader? Then you will devour the repast.

What of Shakespeare? It is a question we are always ready to hear and answer. The critic holds an even balance. I am not sure that we wanted his first paper, which is the usual biography, little changed from all we have been taught to believe. It makes, however, one excellent point, never to be omitted when those eccentric Baconians need a setting down. On their hypothesis, how shall we account for the "unprovoked and very ungentlemanlike jest" which the poet breaks on Sir Thomas Lucy's coat-of-arms? Bacon was a friend and correspondent of Sir Thomas; it is impossible that he, the most cautious of time-servers, should have gone out of his way wantonly to insult a man who had done him no injury. On the whole subject page 272 is worth remembering, as at once brief and decisive. The second paper aims at deducing Shakespeare's character from his plays, and is a keen (though, of course, polite) answer to Mr. Frank Harris, who resolved the problem by blending into a Galton photograph the traits of Romeo, Jacques, Hamlet, the Duke in "Measure for Measure," and Prospero. One feels that here is an infinite matter and no clear solution plausible. Suppose that Shakespeare, like other men, but in proportions far exceeding the common, were a mixture of opposites, how could we reduce him to a chemist's formula? The thing is not to be done. But we may find amusement in trying to do it.

The Rev. Canon H. C. Beeching.
Author of "Provincial Letters and Other Papers."
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Naturally, Mr. Sylvan's Shakespeare is a highly conservative, moral, well-ordered, gentle, and manly man. There is something on the other side, but he would give it only a passing, not a permanent value. Rightly contending that our poet was no Puritan, he will not allow to Dr. Brandes the "unremitting war against Puritanism conceived as hypocrisy," which that brilliant Danish Jew finds in so many plays, above all in "Measure for Measure." No, says Mr. Sylvan, "The heroine of the play is Isabella, and if Isabella is not a Puritan after Milton's strong type, what is she?" The answer to that question seems to me obvious—Isabella is a Catholic nun, framed on the pattern which was constantly imitated for a thousand years ere Milton saw the light. She is the Virgin-Martyr, not "the Lady" in "Comus."

WILLIAM BARRY.

LAFCADIO HEARN.*

There are in every generation a few writers whose work means much more to their readers than the mere promise of entertainment. Some magnetic influence seems to emanate from them, so that every fragment of their writing and every scrap of biography are eagerly sought for by their admirers. Among these few was Lafcadio Hearn, whose letters have just been collected and edited by Miss Elizabeth Bisland. They are preceded by a short life of the author, but it covers little more than one-tenth of the two big volumes. Nor need this cause regret; for it is in the correspondence of such a personality as Hearn that his life is best mirrored.

As an investigator into every kind of curious and occult lore, he belonged to the school of Leland, of Borrow, and of Sir Richard Burton. Like Burton, too, he may have been remotely of gipsy blood, for he bore "the 'thumb-print' upon the palm which is said to be the invariable mark of Romany descent." Hearn, too, is a well-known gipsy name. His family history does not, however, so far as it can be traced, show any such ancestry. His grandfather and seven uncles fought under Wellington in Spain, and his father followed the hereditary profession. Lafcadio was the son of Surgeon-Major Charles Bush Hearn of the 76th Foot, and of Rosa Cerigote, a lady of old Greek family in the island of Cerigo, where he was quartered in the early forties.

The union was an unfortunate one, ending in a divorce and the re-marriage of both parents. Lafcadio, left practically an orphan, was adopted at the age of seven by a Mrs. Brenane, an aunt of Dr. Hearn, the widow of a wealthy Irishman, and a convert to Romanism.

The strange waif of a child was brought up in a manner that must have greatly tended to foster any strain of eccentricity inherent in him through mixture of race. At first he was so neglected in the matter of religious teaching that he horrified a cousin by his ignorance of the meaning of the words, God, Heaven, and Hell. Later, he was placed under a Catholic tutor. But by this time he had created a spirit-world of his own. He "believed," he tells us in a fragment of autobiography, "in ghosts and goblins for the best of possible reasons"—because he "saw them, both by day and by night." Some old folio volumes he found in the library introduced him to the Greek mythology. His teachers, discovering these, "blacked out" parts of the figures of gods and nymphs, and young Hearn, trying to recover the obliterated lines, learnt his first lessons in drawing. A few years of education were brought to an end by the death of the aunt, and in 1869 Lafcadio, friendless, delicate, and blind of one eye through a gymnasium accident, found himself at nineteen penniless on the streets of New York.

Naturally, he drifted into journalism, that one resource of the brain-worker without a profession, becoming a reporter, first in New York and afterwards in Cincinnati and New Orleans. After some struggling, he began to gain a reputation for something better than mere reportorial work; this led to travelling commissions for editors, and thus Hearn discovered the Tropics.

It was here that he always thought his true scope lay. "Ah! the tropics," he writes, only three years before his death in 1904, "they still pull at my heart-strings. Goodness! my real field was there . . . and my dream was to haunt the old crumbling Portuguese and Spanish cities, and steam up the Amazon and Orinoco, and get romances nobody else could find." Left to himself, he would probably have never seen the land that has made him famous. He drifted into Japan by an accident, became a teacher under the Japanese Government, married a lady of a broken *samurai* house, and was adopted into her family, never again leaving his new country.

At first Japan seems almost to have consoled him for his lost dreams. "I love," he wrote in 1890, "the poor simple

* "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn." By Elizabeth Bisland. With illustrations. In two volumes. 24s. net. (London: Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

humanity of the country. It is divine. There is nothing in this world approaching the naïve natural charm of them. . . . And I love their gods, their customs, their dress, their bird-like quavering songs, their houses, their superstitions,

Lafcadio Hearn.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. A. Constable and Co.)

their faults." Later experience left him less enthusiastic. The old courtly Japan seemed to him to be dying and the new progressive Japan to be very crude and ugly. Much that he saw struck him as showing rapid demoralisation. But he was not inclined, like so many writers upon the country, to dogmatise overmuch. Almost his last dictum is this confession: "I have learned about Japan only enough to convince me that I know nothing about Japan."

Much or little as this "nothing" may have been, it was more than any other Occidental has achieved, though he himself modestly cites Mr. Percival Lowell's "Soul of the Far East" as the best book ever written upon the subject. But that delightful volume only deals generally with the national characteristics, while Hearn's many essays touch upon almost every phase of Japanese life and thought. He was particularly attracted by the religions of the country—especially Buddhism, into which he read many of the latest results of science as interpreted by Herbert Spencer, to whom he tells us he owed his intellectual life. Between the Indian religions and modern thought he saw a correspondence not altogether unnoticed by others before him, notably by Schopenhauer. "I have an idea," he wrote to Mr. W. D. O'Connor, as early as 1883, "that the Right Man could now revolutionise the whole Occidental religious world by preaching the Oriental faith."

Given health and fortune, Hearn might have aspired to be that man. But failing health, a growing family, and the smallness of Japanese official pay, kept him always tied to work more immediately remunerative. That he never published any volume upon the subject is to our loss. But what such a book would have been is foreshadowed in many of his essays, the germs of which are in turn contained in some of his letters.

To more than hint at the contents of these letters would be impossible. They deal with all his passing enthusiasms for various phases of the "four things specially which enrich fancy—mythology, history, romance, poetry." To Mr. E. H. Krehbiel, the musical critic, he discourses of music, ancient and primitive, and of Creole folk-songs. With Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, he held later much correspondence upon "things Japanese." Upon more general and personal matters he writes to literary, journalistic, and Japanese friends, and to Miss Bisland herself.

Miss Bisland has performed her task of introducer with tact and skill, both as regards the life and, we should judge, the letters, which strike a just balance between unnecessary frankness and unnecessary reticence. We notice, however, one important omission. Surely such a book should have contained a bibliography, including, as far as possible, all Lafcadio Hearn's published work? CHARLES SQUIRE.

STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS.*

The title of Mr. Symons' new book seems to hint at the labours of a Hercules. Is there mortal man competent to speak with authority, even with interest, on seven several arts?—a group, moreover, which in the case before us excludes those of the author's special practice—poetry and prose. But the book is entirely reassuring. It is neither pretentious nor dogmatic. It is stimulative, witty; practised, pronounced, fastidious. Mr. Symons has always been a patient, unflagging disciple of experience—and what really is that but to be always, yet progressively, sincere? He expresses his views with all the skill and trenchancy at his command, but views they remain, views which life may yet clear and try and requicken; and he would be unwilling as Whistler himself to force them on the dull or the unsympathetic. This, perhaps, is *the* sacrifice for an ideal—the isolation it brings. But not many of us have to repine much about that.

What, perhaps, is most striking in this book, and unusual in such studies, is its form and finish. Here Mr. Symons is a true scholar of Pater; and criticism, instead of being a mere fringe, or commentary, or analysis, of the thing criticised is, in his hands, a piece of literature complete and satisfying in itself. An actual echo of Pater is a little distracting occasionally, a mannerism—his "Yes," and his "Well"; a kind of humorous wistfulness, an exotic word, or phrase, here and there. But by some chance this applies only to the earlier essays. In the later Mr. Symons is much too tensely set on his subject to have time for—reflection. Whistler lives in his few pages as quietly and unobtrusively and intimately almost, as if in one of his own portraits. "Just as in the art of life, in which Whistler was so engaging a practitioner, he evaded a difficult issue by the disconcerting sting of a pleasantry, so, in his art of painting, he evades the graver difficulties by the agility of his choice." "To Watts unselfishness is a part of art, and faithfulness to a significant beauty the one necessity." It is a rare accomplishment to make clear with grace and justice the genius of two men so diverse in aim, yet so utterly loyal to their art as were Whistler and Watts.

So, too, Mr. Symons writes of Beethoven and Wagner—though an arduous analysis of Wagner's universal gospel of art proves a little too unwieldy: what the German original must be can be satisfactorily surmised only from a distance. He had an amazing faculty; Babel never confused him. He knew all the tongues *and* he was a master-builder—functions rare enough alone, almost unique in consort.

Of the remaining papers—from Rodin to Mr. Gordon Craig—that on Eleanora Duse is the most skilful and fascinating.

> "She loves art so devotedly that she hates the mockery of her own art, in which disdain forces her to be faultless . . . she acts half mechanically, with herself, . . . it is her secret. . . . There is in her a sombre and hypnotic quietude, as she broods in meditation, her beautiful, firm hand grasping the arm of the chair without movement, but so tightly that the knuckles grow rigid; her body droops sideways in the chair, her head rests on her other hand, the eyes are like a drowsy flame; the whole body thinks. . . . As she listens silently to music she seems to remember. . . . When she talks intently to someone whose ideas interest her, she leaves her chair, comes and sits down quite close, leans over till her face almost touches one's face, the eyes opening wider and wider until one sees an entire rim of white about the great brown pupils; but, though she occasionally makes a gesture, she never touches one; . . . . remains impersonal."

It is a graceless proceeding to dismember beautiful prose like this; but how quiet and exact it all is; how quietly it reveals, and refrains, and withholds. Moreover, this study is incomparably enriched with many of Eleanora Duse's own words—"written down from memory":—

> ". . . But I am tired, at my age I cannot begin over again.

* "Studies in Seven Arts." By Arthur Symons. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Ah, my dear friend (to Dolmetsch) how happy you are here. What are those boards up there? You have had them for twelve years, you say, and they are ripening to be made into instruments; they are only boards now, one day they will sing. My head is full of old boards like that."

That is imagination and genius, as clearly as a buttercup is a flower. "All Rossetti is in that story of the MS. buried in his wife's coffin. He could do it, he could repent of it; but he should have gone and taken it back himself: he sent his friends." It is reticent, considered, final: and how womanly and beautiful a mind hated to consider the verdict.

Mr. Symons desires his reader to think clearly rather than vividly. His judgment is deliberate. He either intentionally avoids enthusiasm, or far more probably, is seldom prone to feel it. He waits on conviction, and will whole-heartedly retract a decision that further reflection and the unrolling of the scroll shall prove partial or inadequate. Sincerity is his guiding star, and what may not be sincere—*that is?* He appears to mistrust mere insight in a critic, however indispensable that gift may be to the artist, and being punctilious and intellectually earnest, his style is a little frigid and removed. He refuses to persuade you, till you are convinced. But attack warms him wonderfully; then he is witty and unsparing. Richard Strauss and the Arts and Crafts Society are his bonfires here. Still, insight and apprehension are the rare things; when an incendiary has these for bellows, he leaves little ash.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

THE WORST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE.*

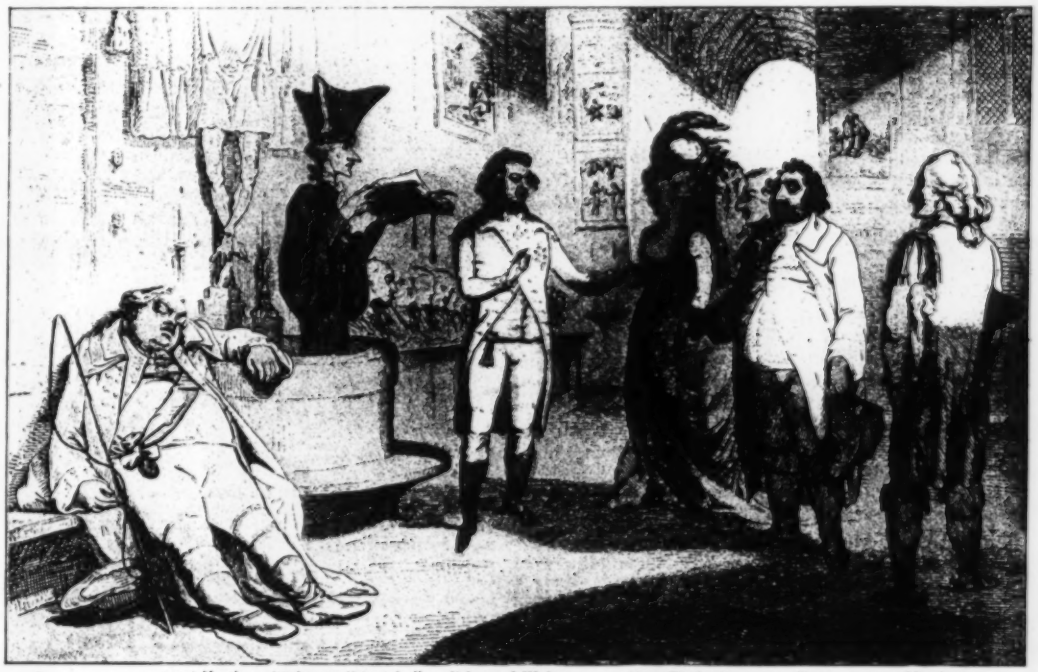
If the good die young, the memory of the bad lives long. The Regent's is perpetuated in a great park and a famous street, in squares and buildings innumerable. It seems destined to endure, and who knows what monstrous legends will cluster round it in days when Mr. Melville's and many other books shall have passed into oblivion? The time may come for it to be whitewashed, but that time is not yet, nor will be till the energy of exact chroniclers has diminished.

At present there is no sign of such falling off. The chorus of denunciation swells. In his Introductory Chapter scurrilous, the latter loses nothing in effect from the judicial tone of the damnatory sentences. Mr. Justin McCarthy, who does not as a rule err on the side of fierce criticism, could find nothing better to say of Prince George than that he was "the malignant enemy of his unhappy father, the treacherous lover, the perjured friend, a heartless fop, a soulless sot, the most ungentlemanly First Gentleman of Europe," and concluded that "his memory baffles the efforts of the sycophant and paralyses the anger of the satirist." The late Mr. W. H. Wilkins, in his "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.," after saying all that could be said for the villain of his story, had to fall back on the vain expedient of quoting poetry and asking our charity.

In spite of Mr. McCarthy's dictum as to the paralysis of their anger, the satirists have been fairly busy with the Regent's memory. Having read some of their triumphs in this opening chapter, I felt myself in a fit frame of mind for hearing something on the other side of the question, and hoped that Mr. Melville might assume the responsibility of devil's advocate and be able to put in a good word for the verbally bespattered subject of his book. The hope was doomed to disappointment. Where others have failed, Mr. Melville does not strive. His industrious investigation leads to nothing but a strengthening, if that be possible, of the case for the prosecution; and while in the opening pages he surfeits one with curses, in those that follow he succeeds only in showing how thoroughly the curses were deserved. Once more the Regent emerges from close examination without a moral rag to his back.

Why, then, it may be asked, was the book written? Sufficient had already been published to justify men in anathematising the last of the Georges while they enjoyed the beauties of the Regent's Park or gazed into the shops of Regent Street. Why embarrass them with riches? The subject wearies. Nothing is so boring as an irredeemably bad man—except an impeccably good man. The interesting people are those who have light as well as shade, shade as well as light.

The objection might well be urged if Mr. Melville had contented himself with celebrating the vices of the Regent.



Lord North. Burke, as "Loyola." Prince of Wales. Mrs. Fitzherbert. Fox. Morris.

From an etching after James Gillray. **Wife and no Wife, or a Trip to the Continent.**

(Reproduced from "The First Gentleman of Europe," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

Mr. Melville prints a choice selection of opinion both contemporary and recent, and though the former is more

But he has done more. He has presented an entertaining picture of the society of the times, and to one of his readers at least those chapters are most welcome in which the Regent has little or no part. To me the truly delectable pages contain Mr. Melville's gossip of the Dandies. The Dandy

* "The First Gentleman of Europe." By Lewis Melville. With 41 illustrations, including two photogravure frontispieces. In two volumes. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

is always an enlivening figure. Even to-day, in the period of his decadence when a gloom has fastened on men's habiliments and reduced him to a shadow, he is far more interesting to gaze upon than a great scholar or a sublime poet. Their immortal part is expressed elsewhere: his, for everybody to see, in collar, gloves, and coat. But when the Dandy is a Brummell or an Alvanley what creature can possibly be so diverting? Brummell, in particular, is a most ingratiating person. He had wit, and, what is more fascinating still, a gorgeous and illuminating impudence. Mr. Melville is never better than when he gives pictures after contemporary artists of the leaders of fashion in Regency days, or when he discusses the "Wales, ring the bell" story, and the "Who's your fat friend?" episode—the latter, by the way, the finest of all Brummell's achievements.

I have been at some pains to discover anything to the credit of the First or Worst Gentleman. There is, of course, his reputed winning manner, but that goes for nothing in face of his shameful desertion of friends, male and female. What remains has been previously pointed out, though not always sympathetically. First, he appreciated Scott; according to Byron, he also knew Homer. Secondly, he did, at one moment in his life, desire to serve his country as a military man; failing that, as reigning monarch of Ireland and in Ireland. For neither was opportunity allowed him. Otherwise he might have contributed to his country's perplexities in a more honourable fashion than by bothering Parliament with his debts.

THE FRUITS OF SILENCE.*

If it be indeed true that Trinity College, Dublin, is, or ever has been, the silent sister of Oxford and Cambridge, we may venture to congratulate her very respectfully on an abstention from loquacity which has produced fruits so agreeable to the taste as those which she has recently put forth in this stout volume.

In 1865 Professor Tyrrell founded "Kottabos," a T. C. D. "miscellany of Greek and Latin verse (mainly translations), and of English pieces, verse and prose (mainly original), which were for the most part of a playful character." It was continued (three times every year) until 1881. Then having, in Professor Tyrrell's words, "enjoyed a longer lease of life than falls, as a rule, to the lot of College magazines," it ceased for more than six years; was revived in 1881, and then continued until 1895, when, as we gather, it really breathed its last in verse or prose. It is now become a memory of singular interest and freshness both to Dublin graduates and to all who take pleasure in watching the manifestations of that sempiternal spirit of undergraduateship, that mischievous, mocking, wayward and delightful spirit, which inspires those who, dwelling or having dwelt on the banks of the Cam, the Isis, or the Liffey, concern themselves, in writing, with the affairs of the microcosms in which their dearest home is placed.

Kottabos was a game much in vogue amongst the ancient Greeks. The playful and classical associations of the word prompted Professor Tyrrell to assign it by way of a name to his magazine. In this volume he and Sir Edward Sullivan have gathered together from the fifty numbers of the magazine its choicest pieces. We may say at once that the collection is not unworthy of its academic origin, nor does it shame the "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine," from which its title is admittedly derived. To be sure, the editors warn their readers not to compare the two collections. Their own, they seem to think, differs from that of Oxford in having a large substratum of seriousness. That may be; but in this respect they remind us of Oliver Edwards, once of Pembroke College, Oxford, who admitted to Dr. Johnson that he had in his time tried to be a philosopher, "but," he added, "I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in." So, though the T. C. D. youths often put on their airs of solemnity and give us versions of Uhland or of De Musset, or heart-shaking sonnets, the mood never lasts long. In another moment they are off, dancing their capers all over the College, parodying, jesting, and laughing, making sport of themselves and their friends and of the happy, heedless life that undergraduates have lived ever since degrees were established, and the horrid spectre of Examination reared her head in the groves of Academe. With regard to the "Heathen Passee" of Cambridge we know from Mr. A. C. Hilton that

> "In the crown of his cap
> Were the Furies and Fates,
> And a delicate map
> Of the Dorian states;
> And we found in his palms, which were hollow,
> What are frequent in palms—that is dates."

Here is the same picture, as painted by the Irish hand of S. K. Cowan for "Kottabos":

> "Low in the tower tolled the bell:
> The gowned jib bowed the trembling knee:
> He knew his classics passing well,
> But of his science nothing he:
> A yard of sums was up his sleeves;
> A band of scrip around his cuffs;
> And in his shoes were frequent leaves
> And scraps of scientific stuffs."

A "jib," we believe, is the Irish for a "fresher," who in Scotland, by the way, is called a bajan (sc: *bec jaune*. Whatever be the name by which you call him, he seems to be the same in his fundamentals all the world over. At this very moment probably several Japanese freshmen are deceiving their examiners (only in a pass examination, of course) and setting at defiance the Samurai tradition in the University of Tokio.

Listen, too, to Mr. C. P. Mulvaney, who, having decided that "Locksley Hall" was to be parodied, began thus:—

> "'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the porters loll,
> Velvet-capped and gaitered, guarding the Examination Hall.
>
> College Hall, that in the distance overlooks the College Park,
> Whence the daring Senior Freshman scales the railings in the dark."

We know those railings. We met them more than thirty years ago in Cambridge; afterwards we came upon them in Oxford; discovered them without surprise across the Atlantic in Harvard, and had already assured ourselves on the unimpeachable evidence of our own eyes that they were to be found in Dublin. We are glad, nevertheless, to have the additional assurance given by Mr. Mulvaney's verse. Calverley, too, has his acolytes in T. C. D. Mr. H. C. Weir's "Venus Victa" is a very pretty exercise in the style of the great C. S. C. Here is a stanza:—

> "She scribbled verses, and I swore
> She rivalled Byron, Keats and Shelley;
> I vowed that nothing could be more
> Delicious than her apple-jelly.
> I hung upon her repartees,
> I doted on her tiny bonnets;
> I worshipped the triumphant ease
> She showed in salads and in sonnets."

Finally, let us quote from a delightful attempt by Professor Tyrrell himself to rewrite Wordsworth in the fashion of Mr. Francis Thompson, who has "enriched the language with words like *acerb*, *crocean*, *ostents*, *lampads*, *preparate* (for *ready*), *conflagrate* (for *burning*), *reformate* (for *reform*)":—

> "By fonts of Dove, ways incalcable
> Did habitate
> A virgin largely inamable
> And illaudate.
>
> A violet by a muscose stone
> Semi-occult,
> Formose as astre when but one
> Ostends its vult.

In "Echoes from Kottabos"—if we may use the words of a famous French Exhibition Guide written in English—"there is certainly with what to spend some good moments."

R. C. LEHMANN.

LITERARY LETTERS.*

It is no easy thing to compile an anthology of verse, but the difficulty of that fascinating labour fades into comparative insignificance before the trials that beset the compiler of an anthology of letters. The former can, at least within the limits of his plan, insert those verses that appeal to him, provided the poem is not too long, for each piece is a

* "Echoes from Kottabos." Edited by R. V. Tyrrell, Litt.D., D.C.L., LL.D., and Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart, ex-Sch., B.A. 7s. 6d. net. (E. Grant Richards.)

* "Letters of Literary Men." I. Sir Thomas More to Robert Burns. II. The Nineteenth Century. Arranged and Edited by Frank Arthur Mumby. 2 vols. "The London Library." 2s. 6d. net each. (Routledge.)

whole in itself, and, standing alone, is perfectly comprehensible to the reader. The latter, however, has the added trouble that many a letter, delightfully written, instinct with quaint fancy, tinged with delicate or robust humour, and full of all kinds of epistolory graces, a gem in every way in its place in the correspondence of which it is part, is, isolated, almost unintelligible. Mr. Mumby, in his "Letters of Literary Men," has realised the unwisdom of including such letters as would require long explanatory notes for their appreciation, and he has triumphed over this formidable barrier by the adroit selection of such correspondence as necessitates little elucidation, although he has spared no pains in the introduction to each writer's letters and in the numerous footnotes. We have, therefore, in these interesting volumes such letters as may be read with no more intimate knowledge of the life of the writers than it is legitimate to suppose will be possessed by those who are likely to purchase such a work.

Mr. Mumby states that the object of his "Letters of Literary Men," upon which he has spent the spare hours of the last four years, is to illustrate, by means of letters, the history of English literature from the end of the fifteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth century. "The editor has sought to bring the reader, as far as possible, into personal touch with the great authors of the last four hundred years—for letters, as James Howell said as long ago as 1645, 'may more than history enclose,' and tell their story 'by a more gentle and familiar way,'" he remarks. "Too often the works of a distinguished writer create a false impression of his character and personality; but, generally speaking, he stands revealed in his letters. The correspondence of Swift—especially his correspondence with Stella—helps us to gain a more agreeable view of the great Dean than that presented by some of his books; the letters of Pope show that the 'wicked asp of Twickenham,' as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu called him, was not without his lovable qualities; the correspondence of Tom Hood reveals the tragic element that lurked behind each issue of the *Comic;* and in similar fashion there are little touches of human nature in the letters of other authors which give us a better idea of the men and women themselves than any biographer could hope to do." As a rule, indeed, the perusal of a man's letters softens our heart to him, for in them—always assuming they were not deliberately written with an eye to posterity—we see him shorn of his affectations, in the company, as it were, of a congenial friend. We cannot help laughing, for instance, at the inordinate vanity displayed in the correspondence of Samuel Warren (very rightly not included by Mr. Mumby), but we must admit to a sneaking regard for one who betrays his ruling characteristic so naïvely, if only because it recalls the delightful story of Benjamin West's splendid ingenuousness. "I was walking with Mr. Fox in the Louvre," observed the painter, "and I remarked how many people turned round to look at *me*."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

(Reproduced from "Letters of Literary Men," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Routledge and Sons.)

Mr. Mumby does not go further back than Sir Thomas More, whose pathetic note written from his prison in the Tower "wyth a cole" he gives, and for the purposes of this work it was needless to seek out the correspondence of earlier literary men. To make amends, however, he includes letters of most prominent authors of the later half of the nineteenth century (with the exception of those still living), and this is especially interesting because his predecessors in the field have been precluded from doing so by the holders of the various copyrights. Indulgence has been given to Mr. Mumby, and he has been allowed to make selections from the correspondence of modern writers, although it may be presumed that he was not given a free hand, since he remarks: "Questions of copyright have made it necessary to give less space to certain writers of the past than their merits deserve, generally speaking." It is, of course, only in the groups of letter-writers in "The Early Victorian Age" and "The Age of Tennyson" that copyright has interfered at all seriously with Mr. Mumby, and on the whole he has not much cause to grumble, for he has been permitted to give eleven and a half pages of Macaulay's correspondence, six pages of the Brownings', fourteen of Dickens's, ten of Lytton's, eight of Lever's, eight of Marryat's, three of Borrow's, ten of FitzGerald's, twenty-four of the Carlyles', six of Tennyson's, six of George Eliot's, four of Kingsley's, four of Matthew Arnold's, seven of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's, three of James Thomson's, nine of Stevenson's, nine of Ruskin's, and two of Robert Buchanan's. The proportions are doubtless not in every case what the editor would give, but what he could give; and this is made almost certain by the fact that Thackeray's letters, still copyright, occupy only four pages, and those of Thomas Hood and Charlotte Brontë, free from all restrictions owing to the lapse of time since the publication of Mrs. Gaskell's biography of her friend, fill respectively twelve and twenty-eight pages.

Unlike Mr. Scoones, who in his "Four Centuries of English Letters" sought almost exclusively to trace the development of the art of letter-writing, Mr. Mumby endeavours primarily to show the character of the writers, and, to use his own words, "to follow each author through all the more important stages of his career, allowing him to relate events and record his impressions in his own words," yet, by careful selection, he has contrived notwithstanding to show the development of the art of letter-writing from More to Pope, perhaps the first of the best correspondents in this country, and through subsequent generations to the present day. There can be little doubt that what Mr. Mumby styles "The Age of Pope, Swift, the Novelists, and Dr. Johnson," is the most notable, for, besides the finished epistles of Chesterfield, there were, to mention no others, Sterne, Gray, Walpole, and George Selwyn, who, however, not being a literary man, does not find a place in the volume. No other generation can show such correspondence, and a comparison with the letters of later Victorian authors must leave us mourning for a lost art. If letter-writing before Sir Thomas More was a rare pleasure because, as Dr. Gairdner puts it, "paper was too valuable a commodity," nowadays it has been killed by the telegraph, which, defying distance, enables newspapers to print news in detail before a letter conveying it could possibly be written.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE SONGS OF SIDI HAMMO.*

This is one of the most curious and delightful feasts which a translator has given us for a very long time. Sidi Hammo

* "The Songs of Sidi Hammo." Rendered into English for the first time by R. L. N. Johnston. Edited with preface by S. L. Bensusan. Verse renderings by L. Cranmer-Byng. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

was a Berber poet, one of a society of wandering singers, and his poetry has already lived, some say for a hundred and fifty, others for five hundred, years, upon the tongues and in the minds of men, for they were never written down except by the present translator. Mr. Johnston took them down from the recitation of villagers on the Atlas and elsewhere; and since his manuscript is unique it has been purchased by the Bodleian. Of the poet's life nothing is certainly known save what he tells us himself. Mr. Johnston thinks he never read a book except parts of the Koran. Some affirm that he had negro blood from one parent. Certain it is that in this remote, inviolate land which is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, a poet once lived and was puzzled to some purpose by the difficulty of life, the beauty and subtlety of women, the power of gold; and that he set down his thoughts in a style which even an English prose translation proves to have been noble. If the simplicity, the imagination, the concentration, thus revealed are expressed in the original in powerful hexameters and pentameters, then Sidi Hammo must have been a great poet indeed. This is the opening of a poem in praise of Fadma, a woman who walks like the dove, and is dearer to him "than the feast of almonds to the dwellers in Ait Ounain":—

"When folks have eaten, some remnants are left. The life in which I am plunged is one of memories. The glorious moments have fled into the realm of the vanished past. The lords of parables and poesy are no more. Song itself is dead. To endure is the only remedy. Like unto silk, which cannot chafe the skin, is the power to endure. This I say, well knowing that ere long the wild flowers will sprout above my head."

In another mood he says:—

"The jackal [woman] has never been to school, nor learned to recite a text. But he has a memory, rarely forgets, and guesses the rest."

Here are a few of his scattered thoughts—but a selection cannot do justice to that wisdom which might have been attributed to a first-rate European, were it not for the peculiar colouring, most thriftily suggested, of his native land:—

"Nothing to say? Then tell the truth."

"The thing desired is like a son. Be he one-eyed or a cripple, can one forget him?"

"Beauty is more beloved by Allah than by man. Beauty, brothers, is a shrine built by Allah. Let the fool dream of joys in paradise, who has never mounted a colt, or learned a woman's love. With your steed for a friend, and a faithful love, you know heaven ere you sink to earth."

"The luck that is on earth we know, and as for what may be above, may the Lord send it down."

"The tea-tray's chasings glitter; yet one fair disc, unworked, on which the teapot stands among her servitors, the crystal glasses, sure this simplicity surpasses ornament."

"In this world give us love, the next lacks nothing."

"My lot is that of the orphan, who is washing his hand for dinner, when a stronger thrusts him aside, poor lad."

There are some pieces of which probably the full weight cannot be imagined without seeing the original verse, like this:—

"Perish the love that endures not until death!

"That day we met! What high hope was ours? Hers and mine. Mine and hers. She was mine, and I was hers. We and our hope were one.

"O my beloved, there was none, none, none like thee!

"Then came the treachery. Yet there was none like thee.

"She—she who betrayed me—gave me the vow as I gave it. Falsehood should never, ah, never, come between us.

"Where is she who murmured, 'If you suffer, none but I shall tend you'? Sick am I, unto death, and she comes not near me."

Many of the pieces are proverbial, such as:—

"Allah! the torch vows safety to the gunpowder."

Mr. Bensusan supplies a brief introduction, some notes, and an appendix on the poet's diction.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE BOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN SOUL.*

When I was acting as chaplain at the Manchester City Prison, some five-and-twenty years ago, an educated Hindu gentleman was committed to our custody on a deplorably vulgar charge of theft. Dissatisfied with the books provided for him in his cell, which were a Bible, a Prayer-book, and a Hymnal, he demanded more. I am ashamed to say that curiosity moved me to ask what he would like, though I knew that his wish could not be gratified. He suggested Blair's Sermons and the Imitation. He did not apparently choose these books as familiar, for his one objection to those provided was that he had read them all: Blair and the Imitation, then, he presumably had not read. He may have demanded the former of these with a view to the improvement of his English style: why the latter?

I often wonder how far professed admirers of the Imitation resemble Upendra—: it would not be fair to recall his other names. Here is a book which has been for nearly five hundred years transcribed and printed, read aloud and read in secret, like few others. It is surely a book the very marrow of which is known to thousands. But it is also a book which has been written about and talked about beyond any other; and that is a dangerous thing to happen to any book. Its name is familiar to thousands who have never read, and will never read, a line of it. Forty years ago there were girls in England who spoke of it in mysterious and delicious sympathy with Maggie Tulliver; their daughters have not heard of the Mill on the Floss, and are more given to hockey than to reading, but they probably have among them two or three unopened copies of the Imitation which will recall a birthday. So editions multiply.

Mr. De Montmorency has compiled another book about this most bewritten book. He has laboured immensely in the field of bibliography, and has formed opinions. He treats effectively, though with useless and sometimes inaccurate digressions, the arguments for the authorship of Jean Gerson; he dismisses with proper contempt the supposititious Abbot Gersen of Vercelli. Convinced himself that Thomas Hämmerlein of Kempen was the author, he urges with some perversity the reasons for attributing the book to Walter Hilton. The question is indeed a curiosity of literature. The general consent of early Italian printers in favour of Gerson, the persistent English tradition in favour of Hilton—how are they to be explained? The rarity of any reference to Thomas—how shall we account for it if he were indeed the author? Mr. De Montmorency toils over these questions not ineffectively. His answer about Gerson is sufficient without being convincing; about Hilton he finds in truth no answer at all. The great argument—indeed the one argument—for the authorship of Thomas is the construction of sentences according to a rhythmical scheme found in his undoubted writings. But the inference labours under a conspicuous weakness; for a rhythmical scheme, once found, is the same with all writers who use it, as witness the Cursus of the Roman Curia. It is even conceivable that Thomas of Mount St. Agnes may have learnt the trick from the "Musica Ecclesiastica." The early fifteenth century manuscripts of the first three books of the Imitation, bearing this title, show that the rhythmical quality of the language was no secret; the labours of a German scholar in our own day have but recovered a lost knowledge.

The case for Walter Hilton is far from being destroyed. Patriotic enthusiasm might prejudice an Englishman in his favour, as it kept so long alive the French tradition of Gerson's authorship, were it not that we are strangely indifferent to our mediæval writers. How many of us have even heard of Walter Hilton, or of his more remarkable predecessor, Richard of Hampole? Wickliff and Chaucer we know—or we know something about them. But who cares to visit Thurgarton? Rare, indeed, is the stray visitor who would know that the six vast arches which alone remain of the great church of the Austin Canons, and which now bend over a scanty village congregation, once echoed the voice of the man who wrote the Scala Perfectionis, and who may have written the Imitatio Christi. I must not complain of others: it is but five or six weeks since I was worshipping there myself, and the fact, though I knew it, did not come home to my memory. Yet Maggie Tulliver might have loved the book even more, had she known it to be written among those low hills overlooking the Trent valley—for the Floss, I take it, is the Trent.

Walter Hilton died in the year 1396. There are manuscripts of the "Musica Ecclesiastica" which, if the dates assigned to them by some experts are correct, put altogether out of court the claim of Thomas à Kempis, born in 1379, to be the author. Mr. De Montmorency fol-

* "Thomas à Kempis: His Age and Book." By J. E. G. De Montmorency, B.A., LL.B. With twenty-two illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

lows those who place them just late enough for the admission of the claim. The claim was not, of course, put forward by Thomas himself. That he loved the book is certain, and that he copied it with loving care in his exquisite handwriting; that he added the fourth book, if he did but copy the first three, is probable. There the matter rests.

Mr. De Montmorency has laboured much in his chosen corner of a field: when he ranges over the rest of the field—the age of Thomas à Kempis—he becomes distressing. To say that Anagni was in the French dominions, to describe Frederick of Austria as Emperor when the Council of Constance was sitting, to speak of Boethius as christianised by Dante, to commit the horrible offence of calling the mother of Henry VII. "Princess Margaret," to extend the repute of the Imitatio "throughout the Middle Ages," to assign St. Augustine a place in "mediæval literature"—these are things which suggest amazing stretches of ignorance or carelessness. To the latter alone one attributes "Dionysius Areopagus," and the remark that a conclusion may possibly be "adduced" from a known fact. These examples make it necessary to test every statement, every date, every figure in the more relevant part of the book. I have not had time for anything like this, nor have I lighted on any evident error. I notice, however, one curious piece of ineptitude. Mr. De Montmorency finds a touch of humour in the title of the Augsburg edition, where the printer, he says, pokes fun at those who call the whole work "libellus de imitatione Christi," that being the title only of the first Capitulum, "sicut evangelium Mathei appellatur liber generacionis Jesu Christi." But that is a perfectly normal mode of naming the Gospel by its opening words. "A fascinating item of literary history," Mr. De Montmorency calls this: it is, in fact, a mare's nest.

To return to praise, Mr. De Montmorency adds more than can be calculated to the interest of his book by his analysis of Matthew Arnold's use of the Imitation, revealed in his Note-Books edited by Mrs. Wodehouse. That is the real addition made by this volume to the bibliography of its most fascinating subject. But no; let me speak also of the facsimile reproductions from manuscripts and early editions which both adorn and illustrate the argument. Mr. Methuen seems to possess the sole secret of doing this sort of thing at popular prices. T. A. LACEY.

MATERIALS FOR BAD DREAMS.*

There is no more fearful and wonderful and fascinating science than Heraldry, but its zoology, too long a neglected study, is more fearful and wonderful and fascinating still. It is a grave of lost opportunities. Mr. Vinycomb's book is enough to make the shade of Barnum writhe to think that he did not live long enough to be inspired by Mr. Vinycomb's masterly drawings to the establishment of a museum of working models of "Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art, with special reference to British Heraldry." Barnum being dead, this greatest of all "draws" must remain for ever unrealised; but we sigh none the less for the descriptions of the show that would have poured from the lofty quill of Mr. Tody Hamilton. That gifted writer, fortunately, is still with us, and it is a thousand pities that Mr. Vinycomb did not hire him as a collaborator. Then, and then only, would literary, nay, even poetical, justice have been done to the Dragon, the Hydra, the Chimera, the Gorgon, the Cockatrice, the Basilisk (or Amphysian Cockatrice), the Griffon, the Opinicus, the Sphynx, the Harpy, the Martlet, the Alerion, the Bagwyn, the Camelopard, and all the glorious menagerie of which the author makes us free.

But first, in fairness to Mr. Vinycomb, member of the Royal Irish Academy, be it noted that this is a serious and very learned book. Endless painstaking research has gone to its making, and to the student of symbolism it is invaluable. Now symbolism is a thing to be approached reverently, but its literary treatment should be reserved for a great literary artist, if the reader is to be held in pious mood. To literary art Mr. Vinycomb makes no pretensions, and somehow, when these sweet monsters of his are described in the style of "Notes and Queries" there is apt to arise (among lesser beings than the deathless gods) an Homeric laughter inextinguishable. To the cockatrice and his fair imagined form our soul cleaves. It is not alone his curly tail, "with deadly sting," that delights us, nor the jaunty twirl of his barbed tongue, but his eye. It is that of the venerable pelican at Kew Gardens, the eye of an old *roué*, if bird ever had one. But our cockatrice is not a bird altogether, albeit he was "said to be" (his natural historian is as careful of report as Herodotus himself) produced from a cock's egg hatched by a serpent. "It differs from the wyvern (q.v.) of heraldry only in having a head like that of a dunghill cock." "Its look or breath is said to be deadly poison." "A difficult creature to be interfered with" is Mr. Vinycomb's just remark. For literary references we have Isaiah xi. 8—the presage of the Millenium is too familiar to require quotation. The opening of the next paragraph is reminiscent of Matthew Henry—"And Jeremiah viii. 17." An edifying beast, truly.

For sheer gorgeous terror the Hydra brooks no rival, and mere verbal description palls before its pictured aspect. For comic relief one turns gladly to the genial playfulness of the Musimon or Tityrus, so amiable a creature that one is fain to believe him the veritable Tityrus, not indeed of the first Eclogue in the original, but of that inspired metrical translator who turned Virgil thus, in a broken-winded but rollicking English hexameter—

"Tityrus, happily thou liest tumbling under a beech tree."

The origin of the Tityrus is rather scandalous, but let that pass; so merry a beast carries his own recommendation. "A poet could not but be gay in such a jocund company."

The author's pages are mines of literary allusion, and it would be hard to suggest any extension of his exhaustive citations, except, perhaps, in the account of the Salamander. He certainly should not have omitted Benvenuto Cellini's wonderful story of how the creature visited his ancestral hearth when he was a small boy, and how his father gave him a stunning box on the ear to make him remember the portent. J. D. SYMON.

* "Fictitious Creatures in Art." By John Vinycomb. 10s. 6d (Chapman and Hall.)

THE ROMANY RYE.*

It is an interesting fact that all gipsy-lovers and talkers of the gipsy tongue are exuberant folk, at whom sane and duller people wonder. That gay, strong sympathy with the Romany implies always something strange, something eccentric, something notable, in the Gorgio who feels it. Borrow and Leland are the two most famous examples, though there are plenty of others. There was something in them that sent Borrow tinkering and fighting, and made Leland happy in talking to Algonquin Indians, or Etruscan sorceresses, or in battling for somebody else's barricades. The cycle of Borrow's books, with their indistinguishable blend of truth and lies, and Leland's "English Gipsies," and Memoir, more truthful, less melodramatic, but not for that the less romantic; these books throb with a hotter life than that of most. It is as if their authors had been just twice as much alive as ordinary people.

Mrs. Pennell, in her complete biography of Leland, built from the jerky, jolly fragment of his Memoir, and from the pile of loose material, notes and letters that cover the latter and perhaps the most interesting part of his life, has succeeded miraculously in retaining this rare sense of superabundant and efflorescent vitality. Her two big, comfortable volumes allow the jovial, hard-working Romany Rye to bubble out on paper often in his own words. The result is almost as spirited as if he had written the whole. And certainly it is in far better perspective than it would have been if he had done it himself.

From his birth, when an old Dutch sorceress performed most solemn rites that promised him luck and a knowledge of secret things, all through his gay, hard-hitting manhood and his industrious old age, the gipsiness of his life is apparent. He does nothing like ordinary folk, and what he does, he does like mad. It may have been luck, it may have been simply vitality—and, after all, the two go hand in hand—that gave him continually opportunities for unusual experience. I am sure it was the Romany twist in him that ensured that he never let one of them pass. Most people know nothing of him except that he wrote "Hans Breitmann," a funny poem that they probably have not read. The Breitmann Ballads were produced by accident, and

* "C. G. Leland." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Constable.)

meant scarcely anything to him in comparison to the manifold adventures that coloured his life like a Venetian lantern. Only those who have read the Memoir can have any idea of the extraordinary variety of his activities; only those who know the life that is written in that book and in these two volumes can realise how fully and with what gipsy fervour that active life was lived. How, in his American youth, he rode, and swam, and studied mediæval magicians; how in the Universities of Germany he swallowed philosophy and lager beer in Brobdingnagian draughts; how in Paris he helped to run the Revolution of 1848; how he journalised in New York; how in England he was equally popular with the literary lions and the southern gipsies, for whom he practically became a universal intelligencer; how he prospected for oil; how he collaborated with Etruscan sorceresses in antiquarian research; in brief, how he did and did thoroughly a dozen things any one of which would suffice for the conceit of an ordinary man; to read of all these things, is to wake up suddenly in the midst of comatose reviewing, and thump the table till it leaps, for joy that the world is not yet dead, and that it is still a fine thing to be alive.

Leland was a wanderer of the most respectable type. He was not one of those theatrical people who pretend to hate civilisation, and then do their best to get patted on the back by the thing they hate, for their manly experiences outside it. Again, he was not one of that other kind of shams that deny their own country for conceit in their cosmopolitanism. Instead, he recognised that no man is so truly a patriot as the man who is far from home. That is really a curious truth. We sing "Home, Sweet Home" when we are in Timbuctoo, when we should be grumping about the fog if we were looking out of our own windows. Travel always brings out the nationality of any travellers who deserve to have a nationality at all. Just as a candle burns pale in the sunlight, but is very full of itself in the dark, so Leland was all the more American when he was busy in Europe. To be nothing in particular when with one's own people, but to be one of one's own people when none of them are there, that is one of the paradoxes of the wanderer. Leland also knew another, a very simple one, only denied by those who have never wandered; and that is, that the chief joy of walking is the consciousness of being able to sit down. Loving cities as well as he loved the country, loving both with the whole of his heart, he was able to add piquancy to the joys of the gipsy camp, by the reflection that in an hour's time he was due at a dress-coated, white-shirt-fronted dinner-party. He had the power of throwing himself absolutely into the environment and manner of thought of strange people, so gaining the intimate friendship and confidence that they refused to others. But he never forgot that really he was Charles Godfrey Leland. He could assist in a ceremonial sorcery, and not lose anything of its weird emotion. But he was able, with a certain healthy pride in the accomplishment, to write quite sensibly about it afterwards. He was simply a first-class man whose life was the richer for having the Romany twist.

We are grateful for the impression that these two volumes leave—the impression of a man, a man who was vividly alive, a talker who meant what he said, a man of action who did what he meant to do, and a child who enjoyed the whole business, talk, play, and hard work, with a joyous completeness possible only to a very young heart or to a very big one.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

A MEMORABLE DECADE.*

It cannot be said of Mr. Paul that he has kept his best wine for the end of the feast. The fact that the most entertaining reading does appear in this last of his five volumes is due to circumstances beyond his control. The course of events, not the historian's treatment of them, must be credited with the superior pleasure afforded by the concluding fifth of this considerable enterprise.

Here, as in the preceding volumes, the vices of Mr. Paul's style and historical method are manifest. So much might have been expected. For Mr. Paul is not the man to change his manner with his matter. To everything alike he applies the same clipped phrase, the same jerkiness of treatment, the same puerile affectation of irony. He can no more resist the seductions of his thin-blooded sarcasm than he can imitate the breadth and progressive sweep of Gibbon. His conception of impartiality is to sneer at everybody alike; while he can only grasp events by shaking one by the hand, giving it a tight squeeze, then hurrying on to another, and returning to complete his caress of the first after he has saluted several more in turn. The consequence is that the reader's attention is distracted, and with difficulty retains a complete picture of any personage or career. Mr. Paul is so determined a pursuer of facts that he sometimes misses features. He has little sense of the procession of history. He neglects to marshal his characters in the proper order. He will, for instance, allude to Mr. Rhodes familiarly as the "Diamond King," and thirty pages onwards will introduce him as "a young Englishman, Cecil John Rhodes, who went out to South Africa for the benefit of his health after leaving Oxford, had made a large fortune in the diamond fields of Cape Colony, and was generally known as the Diamond King." That may be a venial fault. Certainly it can be alleged against greater historians. What is worse is to use the earlier page for judgment on the man's character. . . "His friends called him statesmanlike. His enemies called him unscrupulous. It is possible to be both" . . . and to defer the formal introduction.

Not that the severity of Mr. Paul's condemnatory sentences need cause the shades of departed statesmen or the minds of living leaders any serious anxiety. They are too generally distributed for that. In two comprehensive lines, referring to certain words of Lord Salisbury and reflecting on Lord Salisbury's sometime chief, he will say that "for calm audacity of assurance" these words "may challenge comparison with any speech of Disraeli"; but he can also summon the energy to animadvert on Mr. Gladstone's preoccupation with trivial matters affecting the Irish question: "Mr. Gladstone seemed for the time to have lost his sense of relative values." Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone is as much a hero as Mr. Paul allows himself, whereas he rarely mentions Lord Salisbury without a sarcasm, and throughout is something less than just to him. This generous dealing out of punishment, however, may pass for impartiality of a sort. In Mr. W. H. Smith Mr. Paul can see nothing but mediocrity illumined by loyalty to party. Of Lord Randolph Churchill he has a clearer view: Lord Randolph "had no very deep convictions. He was a demagogue, who happened to have been born an aristocratic Tory. . . He did not know the men with whom he had to deal. The very colleagues who applauded his speeches turned away from his practical proposals, and the dead-weight of Conservatism crushed him. He would have led a Labour Party, if there had been a Labour Party willing to be led from outside."

Habitual harshness does not prevent Mr. Paul making sound and shrewd observations of character as displayed in policy. Nothing could be better than his description of Mr. Balfour's mental attitude towards the Irish members during the Coercion days: "For the leaders of Irish opinion his remedy was a plank bed, and he thought that when they had lain on it once they would not want to lie on it any more. He was not cruel or vindictive, only unimaginative and contemptuous. If he had himself thought any political principle worth going to prison for, he would have gone without making a fuss. The Celtic temperament seemed to him ridiculous, and Irish politics a children's game."

One realises what Mr. Paul can do when he allows himself a clear stretch of ground, and that rare liberty is provided by the stories of Parnell and Pigott. It is indulged with no accession of romantic enthusiasm—romantic enthusiasm and Mr. Paul are as far apart as Shakespeare and Bacon—but the epigrammatic sentences are for once very telling. I say "for once," and perhaps in that do the historian injustice, but he would be more than mortal who could preserve an absolute appreciation of epigram and brevity after so many pages full of both. Still I, for one, am not so weary of smartness that on nearing the three hundredth page I cannot rejoice over the delightful reference to the deprivation of the Liberal party by Mr. Gladstone's resignation and Mr. Marjoribanks, the Chief Whip's, simultaneous elevation to the Upper House: "Thus the crook disappeared with the shepherd." If half the epigrams in the volume were so happily, so unobtrusively applied as that, there would be small reason to complain.

* "A History of Modern England." By Herbert Paul. In Five Volumes. Vol. V. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

With all its faults, this volume, as I have said, is the most attractive to the reader who belongs to the present generation, concerned as it is with events he well remembers—a condition not often the most favourable to interest in history. It covers a decade, 1885-95, in which great human drama was plentiful, in which melodrama was not wanting, in which the irony of fate played a prominent part, and in which the springs of political thought and action destined to mark the new era plainly showed themselves. Parnell, revolution in finance and local government, liberal Conservatism or democratic Toryism, free education, the passing of Gladstone, the rise of the Labour Party!—how portentous are these matters, how little are we able even now to recognise their full meaning to England!

THOMAS LLOYD.

THE MAN COLUMBUS.*

Mr. Filson Young's new book is very welcome, both for its own sake and as a sign of a reviving interest in the Voyagers. There is no more remarkable fact in the history of English criticism than the neglect of travel literature, and especially that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, beginning with the records of the Portuguese pioneers, and culminating in the glorious narratives of Elizabeth's sea-captains. The powerful influence on life and literature of these voyages to unknown lands and seas has been far from worthily estimated even by our most widely-read critics, and it has been left to the enterprise of Messrs. Maclehose—by their reprints of Hakluyt and Purchas—to indicate the need for revision. And it is coming about that men like Vasco da Gama, Columbus, Drake, John Davis, and Frobisher will live again as human characters and not as antiquities. Mr. Filson Young makes no pretence to original research, but he has pictured a very real Columbus, with many admirable and lovable qualities, and with his weaknesses too, failings which gradually brought about his fall from the highest triumph to absolute neglect. It is a moving story, presented in the fulness of enthusiasm, with no savour of the academy, and it brings us face to face with a crowd of souls, good and bad, such men as the faithful Diego Mendez, the gentle cacique Guacanagari, the crafty rebel Francisco Roldan, and the brutal Ovando, whom we come to know well as Mr. Young slowly unfolds the tale.

In point of style, the book is unequal: it has its prosy chapters, but it has many passages of poetic beauty. The opening is very promising:—

"A man standing on the sea-shore is perhaps as ancient and as primitive a symbol of wonder as the mind can conceive. Beneath his feet are the stones and grasses of an element that is his own, natural to him, in some degree belonging to him, at any rate accepted by him. He has place and condition there. Above him arches a world of immense void, fleecy sailing clouds, infinite clear blueness, shapes that change and dissolve; his day comes out of it, his source of light and warmth marches across it, night falls from it; showers and dews also, and the quiet influence of stars. Strange that impalpable element must be, and for ever unattainable by him; yet with its gifts of sun and shower, its furniture of winged life that inhabits also on the friendly soil, it has links and partnerships with life as he knows it, and is a complement of earthly conditions. But at his feet there lies the fringe of another element, another condition, of a vaster and more simple unity than earth or air, which the primitive man of our picture knows to be not his at all. It is fluent and unstable, yet to be touched and felt; it rises and falls, moves and frets about his very feet, as though it had a life and entity of its own, and was engaged upon some mysterious business. Unlike the silent earth and the dreaming clouds it has a voice that fills his world, and, now low, now loud, echoes throughout his waking and sleeping life. Earth with her sprouting fruits behind and beneath him, sky, and larks singing, above him, before him, an eternal alien, the sea: he stands there upon the shore, arrested, wondering."

There are many such pages throughout these two volumes, and there is everywhere a sympathetic spirit. Often the sympathetic effect is allowed to run off into laughter, as in the account of the reception of Columbus on his return from the first voyage:—

"The choir of the Chapel Royal sang a solemn *Te Deum* on the spot; and the sovereigns and nobles, bishops, archbishops, grandees, hidalgos, chamberlains, treasurers, chancellors, and other courtiers, being exhausted by these emotions, retired to dinner."

On the return from the third voyage, we read that "the tears were staunched by kindly royal words and handkerchiefs supplied by attendant pages," and this Dickensian jauntiness of Mr. Young often reminds one of Byron's references to his grandfather's adventures in South America. The most surprising touch of all is perhaps the remark concerning Beatriz de Arana, of whom we are told that she was "acquainted also with love and with happiness, it would seem, *as many poor persons undoubtedly are.*" There are several bad printer's errors in the book, but its chief failings are the scanty and archaic nature of the illustrations, and the slight interest in the question of naval structure shown. Maybe this latter is the cause of the bold anachronism on p. 148 of Vol. I. of "the man at the wheel." Cut down to two-thirds of the present size, with the references to canned meat, imperialism, and, of course, the unlicensed doings of the Spanish rabble in the West Indies omitted, and illustrated by the one man who does know the shipping of the period, this should make a capital boy's book. For, in spite of Mr. Young's modest fears, he has amply succeeded in driving home the beauty of the New World and the horror and terror of the days of storm and tempest.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

* "Christopher Columbus and the New World of His Discovery." A Narrative by Filson Young. With a Note on the Navigation of Columbus's First Voyage by the Earl of Dunraven. 2 vols. 25s. net. (E. Grant Richards.)

Novel Notes.

A BOY'S MARRIAGE. By Hugh Sélincourt. 6s. (Lane.)

Written with a less delicate and reticent touch than Mr. Sélincourt's, "A Boy's Marriage" might easily have been a novel of a somewhat objectionable type; in Mr. Sélincourt's hands, however, it becomes a very beautiful and profoundly interesting study. Beverley Teruel "was called 'Girlie' from his innocent appearance and a habit of blushing. His innocence was honest, and due to the fact that he had been educated by a private tutor at home." He is a pure, sentimental idealist, of a high poetical temperament, and keenly impressionable, and his father decides that it will be for his happiness that he should marry early. He marries a young girl as innocent and as ignorant of life as he is himself, and only the worldly-wise, novel-writing Mrs. Coltney Smith foresees the misery that is likely to result from such a union. The episode in which Beverley, distracted and alienated by his girl-wife's prudish simplicity, goes to London and besmirches his ideals in a manner for which he can never after forgive himself, is told frankly, directly, without squeamishness and without overcolouring. The story is a real criticism of life, written with an imaginative sympathy, a grace and charm of style and a literary distinction that most fiction nowadays makes no claim to.

THE COUNTY ROAD. By Alice Brown. 6s. (Constable.)

Thirteen stories of rural life in New England are bound up in "The County Road," and in each one of them you find the same qualities of tenderness, and sympathetic understanding of humanity, the same quick feeling for the humour and the pathos of life, the same genius for seeing the plotless, unobtrusive stories that run through the every-day lives of every-day people. To summarise any one of Miss Brown's stories would be to do it wrong; the best of the story is always in the telling of it; in the intimate realisation of the characters, in the charm of the style that is as intangible and indescribable as is the fragrance of flowers. "The Rosy Balm," for instance, is the story of a simple, kindly little old lady who yearns to give money for the missions to the heathen, and a chance word of the minister's puts into her head the idea that she will make up several bottles of a balm for chapped hands, the recipe for the balm being her secret, and she will go round and sell these to her neighbours and give the proceeds to the mission. She sets out on a cold day with a bagful of bottles of the balm, but at each house she visits, for one or another reason, she hasn't the heart to ask payment, and gives the bottle as a present, till she has only one left. This she is determined to sell; and the meanest man in the village giving her a lift in his cart she tells him, half shamed and half laughing, of her attempts to "trade" and of her resolve to sell the last bottle, and he is curiously moved to insist on buying it for five dollars. But when you know that, you do not know

the story, any more than you can know a man by seeing a dead photograph of him. In this as in the other tales the incidents and events are often slight and commonplace in themselves, but as Miss Brown tells them they are quaint and delightfully humorous or poignantly pathetic little dramas such as must be enacted often enough in reality among simple folk in homely, country places.

ABBOTS VERNEY. By R. Macaulay. 6s. (Murray.)

In the main, this is an acute and extremely interesting study of a temperament. Verney Ruth, only son of a brilliant but dissipated father, is adopted as the heir of his grandfather, Colonel Ruth. The old man, horrified and shamed by the disgraceful career of his own son, is continually watching Verney for indications that he has inherited his father's weaknesses, and frequently hurts and humiliates him before others by unjustly suspecting him of lying or of cheating at cards. Verney is in reality the soul of honour. When his father comes to him at his rooms in Oxford, he feels it is impossible to send him away; he entertains him, will not reproach him with the faults of his past, and grows to have a strange liking for him. Later, Colonel Ruth insists that he shall choose between himself and his father, the Colonel's eldest son; and Verney feels that his filial duty leaves him no choice. He is disinherited in consequence, goes to live with his father, and in London that engaging, incorrigible rascal is found out cheating at a club again, and Verney ruins himself to refund the money and to pay his father's losses, and then goes abroad with him. The pictures of life in Italy, like those of life in London and in rural England, are admirably done. The characters are realised vividly and with insight; the story, which is carefully written and full of interest, is unfolded with no little skill.

THE EMPTY HOUSE. By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Nash.)

Persons of weak nerves would do well not to read the stories in "The Empty House" just before going to bed; there is a brood of weird and grisly nightmares in each one of them. They are written so vividly and with such plausibility of circumstance that their most supernatural incidents wear a matter-of-fact vesture of reality, and are the more ghostly and the more grimly impressive because of their every-day surroundings. In the opening story the reader is made to realise intensely the growing terror and fearsome expectancy of Shorthouse and his strong-minded aunt as they sit at night in the haunted house and hear soft footsteps wandering uncertainly on the upper floor in the darkness; and no less subtly charged with eerie atmosphere and feeling is "Keeping His Promise," in which a solitary student is disturbed at night by the unexpected coming of an old friend, and notices that the man seems hungry and exhausted, and that though he has come through a downpour of rain he has no hat or umbrella, but is perfectly dry, and there is even a thickness of dust on his coat; then, in the morning his friend has gone from the bed, but there is the mark where he had been lying, and he can hear his heavy, regular breathing. It is a story that grips the imagination and lingers in it strangely. No book of ghost stories so cunningly and so powerfully written has appeared for a very long time.

A MINISTER OF FATE. By Charles Dawson. 6s. (Long.)

There are some improbabilities in Mr. Charles Dawson's novel, and here and there a little unconscious humour, such as that touch in the scene in the lunatic asylum where the persecuted and starving Edward Ravenshaw is discovered by his friend Seymour, who places on his bed "the beef lozenges, some arrowroot biscuits, some breakfast ditto, and some of Margery's potted meat," and having given him a drink that contained "a mixture of water, cognac, and beef jelly," adjures him, "in a voice husky with emotion," . . . "whatever you do eat slowly." But our best sensational novelists have no acute sense of humour, and for mystery, and excitement and surprises "A Minister of Fate" would be very hard to beat. The Lepells, father and son, are a capital pair of villains; the father is particularly cold-blooded and calculating; and the love romance that develops between Seymour and Florence, the sister of Edward Ravenshaw, who inherits her brother's money in the event of his death and is the destined bride of the younger Lepell, makes a very charming idyll. The book bristles with incident; there is always something happening; and if it is a first novel it is distinctly promising.

NEW CHRONICLES OF DON Q. By K. and Hesketh Pritchard. Illustrated. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This second series has a virtue which is not common in books of its class; it is decidedly better than its predecessor. The authors have succeeded in more than maintaining the reader's interest in the small, vulture-like, touchy brigand, who has his own code of morals for spoiling the rich and defending the poor. One of the most original of his devices is to make a famous English cricketer play for his life, with a club for a bat, and, by way of wicket, "an open keg of powder with an unlit rushlight set on a thin strip of wood that barely stretched across the diameter of its rim." This, and the story of his dealings with a famous English surgeon, are the best pieces in the book; they show a certain psychological skill, which is the saving salt of adventures like these. In the end, Don Q. disappears, apparently in death. But, like Sherlock Holmes, he may re-appear before his public. If the writers contemplate making a *revenant* of him, they should let him carry out his plan of escaping to Mexico, where his opportunities would be both fresh and abundant.

FOOLS RUSH IN. By Mary Gaunt and John Ridgwell Essex. 6s. (William Heinemann.)

The writers of this thrilling West African romance have two sore, strong convictions. One is, that missions to Mahommedans, at any rate, in Africa are worse than useless. "You might as well sow wheat in Piccadilly." "You might as well hammer a rock with a French roll as preach Christianity to Mohammedans." The other is, that women ought not to be sent out to such missions. The two women in the story, both of whom have lost their first faith and love, are connected with a mission at Zimba; one is married, the other engaged. But, through the rash folly of the missionary, a sincere, voluble, self-satisfied character, they fall into the hands of a lewd slave-driver, from whom they are rescued, in the nick of time and at great peril, by three Europeans, the Resident, a Captain Brooke, and a shrewd little trader. The missionary himself is murdered, and his wife, a day or two afterwards, admits her love for the Resident, while Barbara, the girl, throws over her missionary lover for Captain Brooke. Apart from the animus of the writers against missions, which leads occasionally to some extravagance and improbability, there is plenty of wholesome, crisp life in the book. African scenery is drawn plainly at first hand, the dialogue is always brisk, and the interest of the plot never flags. The civilians, with their clean, prompt activity, contrast vividly with the native squalor and the missionary methods of fumbling goodnature, but there is not a lay-figure in the whole book.

HONOUR'S GLASSY BUBBLE. A story of three generations. By E. Gerard. 6s. (Blackwood and Sons.)

This is a novel with a frank purpose. It is the study of a fire-eating Austrian family, plunged into one tragedy after another by the fatal Continental passion for duelling, and the writer intends to expose this pagan practice for the benefit, we may suppose, of foreigners. If "English games, English jockeys, English trunks, and English tailors, are so freely imported and so highly appreciated," there is no logical reason why the Continent should not accept the English code of honour. But customs like duelling are beyond the range of logic. Whether argument, ridicule, or authority, is the best method of upsetting them, is a moot question. In any case, it is well to have public attention drawn to such survivals of unreason, and this novel certainly succeeds in its poignant mission. Naturally, one or two of the characters are a trifle didactic, and a story which covers three generations is apt to lose continuity. But many of the episodes are extremely dramatic; there are some charming sketches, by way of relief, of scenery and Austrian customs; and, in the end, a young girl's splendid love breaks down the tradition of her house. The book, for all its purpose, has plenty of variety and life.

The Bookman's Table.

A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS. 6s. net. (Blackwood and Sons.)

The wilderness is in Africa, and the lodge, utterly isolated in the wilds, but superbly furnished with a luxury "carried to that extreme of art where it becomes a delicate simplicity," looks down upon Equatoria and the great lakes. It is one of many pleasure-houses belonging to Francis Carey, "an intelligent millionaire," who has tied the schools of the colonies to the older institutions of England, financed an ancient university, relieved the congestion of great cities at his own cost, etc. To this lodge comes a party of friends —a sometime Conservative Prime Minister, an Ex-Viceroy, a Canadian statesman, a Jewish financier, a journalist, a duchess and other women. For it had seemed to Carey that the rout of Toryism at the last General Election, though not alarming, might well provide subjects for serious and useful debate among these select minds. "It is well after defeat to make a short sojourn in the wilderness." Lord Appin, the Hegelian and sometime Prime Minister, who is always talking about the Empire and a "qualitative development on a quantitive basis"; Mr. Wakefield, the Canadian, a lover of "practical politics" and hater of metaphysics, and all the intermediate characters, and even their absent opponents, are sketched with humour and as much honesty as was compatible with an evident bias towards Imperialism. The Empire is discussed night after night so seriously that one marvels that the Empire has not been saved or lost by now, supposing that the party ever returned. In the end we get a reconciliation between the practical man from the Colonies and the philosophic Appin, who knew little about them, but was brilliant in this vein:—

"A nation becomes great in the sublimated sense of the word by its ability to present its citizens with a sphere of action wherein their civic responsibilities may be fulfilled. A microcosm, however perfect, will never be a true arena for civic virtue."

The arguments put into the mouths of the men and women, it is only fair to say, are to be traced as much to a novelist's love of character as to a philosopher's love of truth, and the result is a series of conversations which make a most readable book, obviously by one who knows something of the outside of Africa and the inside of politics. There are some quotations from Lucretius, Virgil, and Mr. Meredith, some descriptions and some digressions. There is, too, a translation from Antiphilus of Byzantium's Κὴν πρύμνῃ λαχέτω which runs:—

"Give me a mat on the deck
When the awnings sound to the blows of the spray,
And the hearthstones crack with the flames a-back,
And the pot goes bubbling away.
Give me a boy to cook my broth,
For table a ship's plank laid with a cloth
(But never a fork or knife);
And after a game with a rusty pack,
The bo'sun's whistle to call us back—
That's the fortune fit for a king,
For oh! I love common life!"

It is a jolly thing, and a little better done would have lasted a long time, but that last line will never do. There are few books quite like this. Mr. Lowes Dickinson's beautiful "Modern Symposium" is the nearest, and though it cannot be compared with that, it is a charming piece of fiction that touches great matters not unworthily.

POPULAR BALLADS OF THE OLDEN TIME. Third series. Selected and edited by Frank Sidgwick. 3s. 6d. net. (London: Bullen.)

The third volume of this pleasant collection is devoted to "Ballads of Scottish tradition and romance," so-called. It includes "The Hunting of the Cheviot," "The Battle of Otterburn," "Lizie Lindsay," "The Battle of Harlaw," and a few lyrics such as "Waly, waly, gin love be bonny"; it is well printed and provided with sensible notes; and there can be no doubt that when the series is completed it will be the best cheap and popular and representative collection. Mr. Sidgwick's introduction, by quoting some of the most valuable things from Professor Kittredge's introduction to the abridged edition of "Child," should do a useful work in circulating true ideas as to the growth of ballads. For example, he quotes:—

"Since history repeats itself, the possibility and even the probability must be entertained that every now and then a ballad which has been in circulation for some time was adapted to the circumstances of a recent occurrence, and has come down to us only in such an adaptation."

This he illustrates by the ballad of "Mary Hamilton," which relates a story of the sixteenth century in France, but may well have received new life-blood from a similar event in Russia two centuries afterward. It was unnecessary for the editor of ancient ballads to lament that "so repugnant a story should be attached to a ballad containing such beautiful stanzas as the last four." Instead, he might, in a sentence or two, have reminded his readers what fine poetry these ballads are, while yet doing nothing more than tersely and intensely to record contemporary events; a lesson which might even yet help towards the regeneration of modern poetry and poetical criticism. At the end of the volume is a ballad from a Balliol College manuscript which has never been printed in any collection before. It begins:—

"Here beside dwelleth
A rich baron's daughter;
She would have no man
That for love had sought her.
So nice she was!

She would have no man
That was made of mould,
But if he had a mouth of gold
To kiss her when she would.
So dangerous she was!"

Like these, each of the twelve further stanzas ends with an unrhyming line—a quaint and ineffectual device. A juggler deceives the lofty lady and wins her love, but reveals his churlish identity the next day and escapes hanging by juggling himself into a meal-bag, from which the dust falls into her eyes. It may be mentioned that the story of "The Gipsy Laddie," p. 130, is to be found in the "Wraggle-Taggle Gipsies" in Vol. I. of Mr. Cecil Sharp's "Folk Songs from Somerset," wedded to a suitable old tune.

LONGMAN'S ADVANCED HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Professor T. F. Tout. With 63 Maps and Plans. Price 5s.

The third volume of these School Histories, constructed upon the concentric system, has just been issued. The elementary book appeared in 1903, the second book in 1902, the third, or so-called "Advanced History," adapted for the higher forms and matriculation candidates, in December, 1906. The metaphor from which the descriptive title of these works is derived suggests the growth of a tree in successive rings. A very brief, plain tale is told in Book I. for 2s. 6d., new details and epithets are added for an additional shilling, while for a crown the super-boy has his mind plenished up to the pitch of one of Macaulay's schoolboys. It is in these "advanced" latitudes that the competition among single-volume manuals is most intense. From such competition Professor Tout has no cause to shrink. In this age of epitomising by popular professors it is doubtful if any of his confrères has epitomised the History of England so often or so exhaustively. Successive editions of Gardiner and Oman have established a high standard in compilations of this sort. Yet we are inclined to think that for a book of this size and price Tout will distance all previous competitors. In the first place, we welcome with effusion the rare boon of a thoroughly well compiled, exhaustive, and admirably arranged table of contents occupying no less than twenty-five pages. There are about thirty genealogical tables in the text, a table of kings from the earliest times, and one solitary "erratum." The book is carefully revised and printed, but we distrust the trick of singularity in this mild erratum. What does Prof. Tout mean by his statement on p. 77: "Each hundred in its town consisted of a number of townships, or villages." We submit that is a case for the plural of erratum. The misuse of more than one pronoun and conjunction will strike the eye of the attentive reader (see p. 360, line 17, 377, l. 13). We are rejoiced to see that Mr. Tout has eliminated the pedantic "Senlac" and has reverted to Hastings. But there are one or two new styles against which we must raise the voice of timid protest. What is the matter with Homildon

Hill? We thought that the author must be trying to spare the susceptibilities of our North British friends until we discovered the battle under the strange guise of Humbleton. Why again depart from the time-consecrated form of Jeanne d'Arc for the new-fangled Jeanne Darc, which Petit de Julleville has demonstrated to be as absurd and irrational as it is ugly? We must spare a word of commendation for the maps and particularly the plans, similar many of these last to those in the excellent "Political History." The only perfectly perfunctory map is that of the British Empire, in which Egypt, for some reason unknown, appears as a dirty finger-mark. It would have been better to adhere to the time-honoured red. The index is thoroughly to be relied upon. One of the best features is the series of social interchapters, one between each of the eight books, with a short bibliography appended. These are brilliant examples of judicious and succinct generalisation, and should prove admirable instruments in the hands of a good teacher. The book, as a whole, is a model of impartiality, skilled condensation, and expert balance.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

It is the fashion with us now to say, and repeat, the phrase, "There are no letter-writers in these days." Mrs. C. W. Earle's latest book, **Letters to Young and Old** (7s. 6d. net), should make us pause before we continue to use patter-words which we have not proved by experience to be true. Probably there is scarcely a man or woman of a certain standard of culture and taste who really does not to-day know at least one good letter-writer. Mrs. Earle is undeniably one who can write a real letter, a letter free from pedantry, but full of interest and suggestion. Mrs. Earle's themes are varied, that is one of her chief charms. We need not always agree with her opinions or her theories; but a lady of such wide interests and happy toleration is bound to attract, help, or amuse, whether she writes of scenery or health, whether she is reminiscent or critical, whether she is enthusiastic over a book, a flower, or a theory of mastication. With pleasant touches of description and an amiable discursiveness, she wanders from serious social needs to planting trees in commemoration of the birth of boys and girls; from recipes for vegetarian dishes to quotations of beautiful advice from many minds. The volume is of the kind which proves a favourite for the spare-room bookcase, the waiting-room, or the half-hour before dinner.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

"Mrs. Aria writes," and when she writes we know two things—first, that it will be about clothes, and, second, that it will be worth reading. Mrs. Aria has written now on **Costume, Fanciful, Historical, and Theatrical** (10s. 6d. net), and Mr. Percy Anderson has decorated the volume with dainty, well-thought-out, pleasing, and authoritative illustrations. Writer and illustrator having agreed that in any century or period the dressing of the hair was the most distinguishing mark of fashion (sleeves coming next), they both searched well and successfully for proof of their correctness of judgment. A book of charm and use and suggestion is the result: a book of amusement, too, for added to the information respecting the clothes of classic ladies and gentlemen are piquant descriptions of the clothes of later times—times so near to us that their fashions bear the verdict antiquated before having reached praise as antique. Many countries and many centuries come in for detailed notice, and we envy Mrs. Aria her delvings into the chronicles. Mrs. Delany's letters alone are worth the search; and her description of Lady Huntingdon's gown, with its pattern of "a large stone vase filled with ramping flowers . . . a pattern much properer for a stucco staircase than the apparel of a lady," leaves us patting ourselves on the back for our twentieth century canons of taste.

Messrs. Macmillan also send forth a fine novel, a tale of 1805, **Andrew Goodfellow**, by Helen H. Watson (6s.). The pretty heroine and her aunts are descendants of Drake, although Miss Maria keeps a silk mercer's shop in Plymouth town. History and romance are skilfully blended here, and what we term "atmosphere" has been captured, and is used delicately and impressively, recalling the great events of Nelson's days, and using them with a charming intimacy for the love-story of Dorothy Drake. Dorothy's mother, a sister of Miss Maria, was married and forsaken by a Duke, and the daughter claims her parentage only as a last resource. The little lieutenant, Andrew Goodfellow, is Dorothy's leal friend; he has a golden heart, which illumines the pages, and though his inches were few his courage was high, and he deserved his heroic end. This is a book to win not only the attention of readers, but their affection also.

MESSRS. HORACE MARSHALL AND SON.

An alluring little book for bookmen is **In a Nook with a Book** (2s. 6d. net), by F. W. Macdonald. It is a small volume of "bookish" essays, telling of early book-loves, of many book-hunts, of book-shops, book-readers, book-writers. The author knows books in the right way, searches for them, cares for them, and, also, reads them. There is lore here which will arrest the attention of bookmen, and lure them to turn page after page. And when Mr. Macdonald quietly confides in us the little histories of his own books, that, for instance, writing of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity"—"The first possessor of my copy was one Robert Parkinson, of Brazenose College, Oxford, who writes his name in quaint seventeenth century characters. Subsequently it belongs to Charles Parkinson, presumably his son. Of the two Parkinsons I know nothing. 'Their souls are with the saints, we trust.' But there are two other inscriptions on the leaf preceding the title-page that bring the book into touch with history that we know. The one is, *Bought by Dr. Johnson*, written in a good eighteenth-century hand; and the other, *Jane Lomas, Strangeways, 1823. Bought at the sale of Mrs. Piozzi's library*"—we are conscious of feeling something more than attentive, though we hesitate to use the word "envious" when such a sincere book-lover is the possessor.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

Mr. Buxton Forman has produced yet another edition of **Keats's Poetical Works** (7s. 6d. net). It is published by the Clarendon Press, beautifully printed, and solidly, comfortably bound. It is a Keats unspoilt by exuberant annotation, and yet one rich with peculiar pleasure for the student of poetry. For the text is perfect, and the footnotes to all the more important poems, the poems that count, show the rough carved trial pieces that the poet made before giving its final form to his work. These are taken from the original manuscripts, and make it possible for us to follow the poet's thought, and see him snatch a phrase, and alter it, and take another, and alter that, and attempt to combine the two, and at last please himself and us by the capture of a third and better. And these, most excellent of footnotes, are not assertive drum-beating coxcombs, like some we know. If we wish to leave them, and read simply through the final text, they make no clamorous outcry in black print. When, ready for speculation and reverie, we invite them, they do not try our eyes. We are always at peace with them. Henceforth we shall lose interest in new editions of Keats. This sympathetic, intimate volume shall never be dislodged.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

Mr. George Allen has issued a very neat edition of **Joyzelle** (3s. 6d. net), by Maurice Maeterlinck, in the English version of Alexander Teixera de Mattos, who is as perfect a translator as can be found of the soft-breathed Maeterlinckian prose. "Joyzelle" is a beautiful book, and it loses nothing in being put into English. Perhaps of all Maeterlinck's plays it is the most real, with its purposeful unreality. The love of Joyzelle and Lanceor, shown perfect by the cruel proofs arranged by wizard Merlin, Lanceor's father; Merlin's own fate, the conflict between himself and his subconscious self made visible in Arielle; these are vital things, expressed in beautiful phantoms. It has been said that these phantoms are impossible upon the stage. Perhaps upon a modern stage this may be so. But "Joyzelle" is a morality play, and as such we should like to see it produced. It is so that we read it, and we have always believed, that if we saw it so produced in a theatre, its haunting mysterious effects would move us more powerfully than they do even now from the cold printed page, under the study lamp.

MESSRS. BAGSTER AND SONS, LTD.

A novel and pretty idea is excellently realised in a little book of verses entitled **Old Songs of the Elizabethans with New Songs in Reply.** Sequels are proverbially dangerous, whether they come from the author of the original or not, and the experiment has not often been tried in verse. The best known instance probably is Raleigh's famous reply to Marlowe's "Shepherd's Love Song." The author's title is not quite accurate, since she includes Herrick and Suckling and Lovelace, but the greater portion of the little collection is taken from Elizabethan song-books. The author's "replies" are not of equal merit, but at their best they are extremely good indeed, catching many of those elusive graces which are the incomparable charm of the Elizabethan lyric. They have point and terseness, and the language has the real note of simplicity.

New Books of the Month.

DECEMBER 10TH TO JANUARY 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Dogma or Doctrine? and Other Essays. By Various Writers. 2s. net. ..... (Philip Green)

James, The Epistle of. Literary Illustrations of the Bible Series. 1s. 6d. net ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

Religious Doubts of Common Men, The, 2s. 6d. net (T. and T. Clark)

Thoughts which lie in the minds of countless men and women to-day are shaped and plainly expressed in this volume. In a series of letters to and from the "common man" and the "amateur theologian," questions are asked and answered (or at least opinions are given) on the Creation, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the Inspiration of the Pentateuch, the Deluge, and many other points. The book makes us realise that there is a definite call from laymen to be told the answers to the questions raised by the Higher Critics, questions touching the "very foundations of the Faith."

SCHURE, EDOUARD.—Pythagoras, and the Delphic Mysteries, 2s net ..... (Philip Wellby)

A SELECTION OF

CASSELL & COMPANY'S New and Forthcoming Books.

Cassell's Book of Quotations.
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